

In this issue of The Outlook

Vol. 146

June 8, 1927

No. 6

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Next week The Outlook will publish a message from

Baron Tanaka Premier of Japan

It is a direct greeting from Japan's foremost statesman to readers of The Outlook. It is sent as a message to Americans on the eve of the opening of the Disarmament Conference at Geneva in which Japan, Great Britain, and the United States are joining for the promotion of international amity.

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The Outlook

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Volume 146

June 8, 1927

Number 6

Lindbergh, Ambassador Extraordinary

LEGENDS have already begun to cluster about the flying hero Charles Lindbergh. One of them, so it now appears, began our account last week of his arrival at Le Bourget flying field. Instead of saying to those who first greeted him, "Well, I did it," he said, according to another report, "I am Charles Lindbergh;" and explained his remark later by saying that he thought he might have been confused with some other airman. If this is a legend too, it is like those which have persisted about every hero; it is in keeping with his character. He certainly does not think of himself more highly than he ought to think, but thinks soberly. It is perhaps his natural, native modesty that has more than anything else elicited for him world-wide acclaim.

Though he is twenty-five years old, and therefore no longer a boy, he has apparently impressed everyone with his youth. Common terms in reference to him are "boy," "youth," "lad." It is evidently his modesty, his simplicity, his ingenuous candor that has made people think of his feat as the achievement of an unspoiled child. In an age of sophistication or the pretense of it the choice that the whole civilized world has made of this man as its hero is one of the most refreshing events of modern times.

Just because he was simple and sound he proved to be the best of diplomats. His tact has been the natural product of his grace and common sense. It is probably true that in the preparation of some of his more formal statements he had the aid of the American Embassy in Paris. That does not detract in the least from the credit that is due him; it simply reflects more credit upon Ambassador Herrick and his staff. A young man overwhelmed by invitations, by offerings of gifts and favors, by attentions of all kinds, by hundreds of letters, by almost every conceivable kind of distraction simply had to have protection and assistance. It is highly creditable to our diplomatic service that what Captain Lindbergh received was so discreet and appropriate. But whatever may be said of his more formal statements, his informal statements must have been purely his own. He needed no coaching. That was proved when, to the toast "the greatest of aviators," he replied, "To the

nation of the greatest aviators." No trained diplomat could have excelled him.

Lindbergh's Level Head

NEXT to his natural modesty there has been no trait more obvious in Captain Lindbergh's demeanor than his common sense. He has refused consistently and characteristically to be exploited. His refusal of offers of large sums of money from people who wish to commercialize him on the screen or the stage or in some other way has been obviously prompted by that common sense which is a mixture of intelligence and a sense of humor. He has the ability to stand off and look at himself objectively. In response to all these offers he has replied that the job of being a flying man is a good enough job for him. As a consequence he has been received everywhere as few monarchs have been. In France Marshal Joffre, Marshal Foch, General Gouraud, General Pershing, officials of the French Government, and later King Albert of Belgium and Belgian officials, and still later King George of Great Britain and British officials have entertained him. Having been diligent in his business he has stood before kings.

And he, more quickly than anybody else, has perceived certain elements of significance in this extraordinary spectacle of which he has been the center. In the first place he has seen in the reception given to him the sign that this is a flying age and that the people abroad at least are alive to the future of aviation. This comes out in his articles which he has been writing to the New York "Times." In the second place he has seen in this reception an expression of the soundness of the French people and their real feeling toward America. He has not taken all this praise to himself. He has noted that the American Ambassador, Mr. Herrick, has been cheered and welcomed. In the third place he has been discriminating in judging the effect of his exploit upon aviation itself. Although he has said that he has done nothing to advance civilization by being the first to fly between New York and Paris; that somebody was bound to do it; that it was only hard luck that prevented Nungesser and Coli from being the first; at the same time he has given full credit to his "ship" and to the

instruments he used, and has thus made clear that his achievement was a real test of man's wings.

Tributes from Lindbergh

NOT the least skillful of Captain Lindbergh's achievements has been his ability to turn tributes intended for him into tributes for others. Mme. Deutsch de la Muerthe paid him a tribute by a gift of one hundred and fifty thousand francs for a cup; and Captain Lindbergh accepted the gift in a letter addressed to the president of the Aero Club of France which should be classic:

"My Dear President: That Mme. Meurthe, prompted by her instincts of generous philanthropy, should have thought to honor me with a gift of 150,000 francs has touched me beyond expression. I believe, however, that I should be less worthy of this gift if I did not feel that the welcome which the French have accorded me was a sufficient reward for my flight. Only one thing dampens my supreme joy—the fate of Nungesser and Coli.

"Because I understand the sorrow of the French for their intrepid airmen and because I share their grief, I could not take these francs to America. The greatest favor I can request, therefore, is that this 150,000 francs, instead of being expended for the purchase of a cup, be accepted by the Caisse de Secours de l'Aeronautique for the benefit of the families of the French aviators who have laid down their lives for the progress of aviation.

"I should not have had the means to express my homage for all these valiant aviators to whom death has denied victory and honors, but since Mme. Meurthe has so generously made it possible for me to make this contribution, I am happy to offer it, with grateful acknowledgment to her, as an indication of my affection for France and my abiding appreciation of the generous welcome accorded me. Believe me, my dear President, very sincerely yours.

"CHARLES A. LINDBERGH."

Being introduced to several hundred of the leading officials, diplomats, and legislators of France in the Chamber of Deputies as "the present American ambassador to France" by Myron T. Herrick who called himself the "temporarily retiring ambassador," Captain Lindbergh turned the occasion into a tribute to Bleriot, the famous French aviator who was the first to fly the English

Channel; and when Bleriot himself met him he turned the meeting to another tribute to Bleriot by saying, "That which I have done, my dear M. Bleriot, is incomparable to that which you did. For me you will always remain my master."

Similarly he turned France's tribute to him to a tribute to France in many subtle ways besides the more obvious one of saluting in his airplane the grave of the unknown soldier of France and acknowledging as the highest honor the privilege he had of piloting a French plane.

Captain Lindbergh's reception at London seems to have equalled in enthusiasm that at Paris. Indeed, the eagerness of the crowd threatened the safety of the aviator's airplane and even himself. And again a nation's tribute to an American became the American's tribute to that nation.

The greatest test to which Captain Lindbergh will have been subjected will await him on his arrival here.

The Four-Continent Flight

EUROPE, Africa, South America, and North America are included in the air-journey of Commander de Pinedo. Like Ulysses he has seen many lands and people and has undergone dangers and escapes. His latest delay was not a disaster but a mishap; and the reports from Horta, on the Island of Fayal, where he arrived on May 30 on an Italian steamer, show that he has no more idea of abandoning his long journey now than when his first plane was accidentally destroyed in Arizona.

It took De Pinedo more than four times as long to get by sailing vessel and steamer from the spot in the sea where weather compelled him to make a forced descent as it took Lindbergh to fly from New York to Paris. In all fifteen weeks had elapsed from the time of his start from Italy and he had then, it is estimated, flown a distance greater than the circumference of the globe. Now there lies before him the "leg" from the Azores to Portugal and thence that to Rome where a hearty and well-deserved acclaim will surely be his.

This air journey may not have broken any records—certainly not those of speed or non-stop flights—yet it is unique in its character. De Pinedo's longest flight has been 1,873 miles—from Cape Verde to Fernando de Noronha Island, off Brazil. He visited Buenos Ayres; thence flew northward over a vast wilderness and on to Arizona; thence, when his new plane reached him from Italy, he described an enormous irregular circle touching

many cities in the United States and Canada, and from Trepassy in Newfoundland began his 1,200-mile flight to the Azores.

The story of this remarkable achievement (for, bar unlikely accidents, it will soon be complete) will deserve a place of its own in the annals of aviation. It shows pluck, persistence, skill, and a wide scope of plan and purpose.

Secretary Hoover Tells the Story

THE radio address of Secretary Hoover on the flood situation was more than a report. It was, to quote the New York "Herald Tribune," "an epic picture of an unparalleled flood disaster and of a heroic and marvelous effort to mitigate its ravages." Every American should read it if he would know what has been done and what must be done.

In briefest outline: 700,000 people have been driven from home—400,000 were moved by the Red Cross; not over six deaths have occurred since the work was organized—147 in all; eighty camps have been formed—some single ones hold 20,000 people; "no one has gone hungry, no one has gone unclothed, no one has gone unprotected from the ravages of disease;" motor-boats, steamboats, barges, airplanes, railways have been used, and were largely eagerly offered; now that the rescue stage is nearly over, before us are the return of the water-exiles, and their need of aid for planting crops for their own food, for planting sales crops, for rebuilding; "it is our duty as citizens of a great and prosperous country to place all these people back on the road of self-support;" beyond all this lies the financing of loans by States, North and South, and by joint action of banks; beyond that again is the question as to what engineering plan shall be adopted.

Mr. Hoover is amply justified in asking that \$2,000,000 more be added at once to the \$14,000,000 already donated by the people. Probably more still will be needed. In the number of persons rendered helpless and bravely fighting to get back this disaster has no parallel in

We print in this issue two articles on the Mississippi flood from two points of view.

The Churches in Council

NATIONAL meetings of several great religious bodies have been and are continuing in session, as June begins.

The most important action taken by the Presbyterian General Assembly at San Francisco, up to June 1, has been its acceptance by a vote of 594 to 232 of the recommendation of an investigating committee that the Princeton Theologi-

cal Seminary should hereafter have one instead of two administrative boards. This action was opposed by the Fundamental element and its passage is distinctly a defeat for them. Its purpose is by unity to do away with the discord that has been mainly caused by the Fundamentalists' claim to a larger share in the Seminary's work and teaching. The Moderator of the Assembly unanimously elected is Dr. Robert E. Speer; oddly though it may seem to many, Dr. Speer is a layman and at the same time a doctor of divinity. His work for missions and church expansion is well known.

The Congregationalists in their National Council at Omaha and with the Rev. Ozora S. Davis of the Chicago Seminary as Moderator have agreed to merge into one body, to be called the Congregational Home Board, the seven societies which have heretofore dealt separately with the work of home missions, church building, Sunday-school extension, education, ministerial relief, and other services.

Signs of the times are seen in the fact that the United Presbyterians of North America are considering the idea of allowing hymns to be sung in their churches; that there is said to be on foot a proposal for union of Congregationalists and other bodies with a congregational polity; and that the Presbyterian Assembly has shelved the divorce question for this year on the ground that a year's further campaign of education is desirable.

A Ship Is Saved— A Shipyard Lost

THE Malolo, built for the Matson Line and for service between San Francisco and Honolulu, is the largest and swiftest passenger vessel ever turned out by an American shipyard. She has been equipped with every possible device for the safety and comfort of her passengers. Of her comfort, passengers will doubtless learn when they sail on her maiden voyage; but of her safety devices her builders and owners have already had proof. On her trial trip she was rammed off Nantucket by the steel prow of a freighter which cut deep into her vitals. With her numerous watertight bulkheads and auxiliary machinery to provide for light and power even with her main boiler room flooded, she was in no danger. Neither her builders nor her owners would have selected this particular form of proving her safety, but it must have been a satisfaction to them to have realized that their provision for protection was not in vain.

If the Malolo had sunk on her trial

They have their exits

(As You Like It, Act II, Scene 7)

Kirby in the New York World



Speeding the parting guest

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

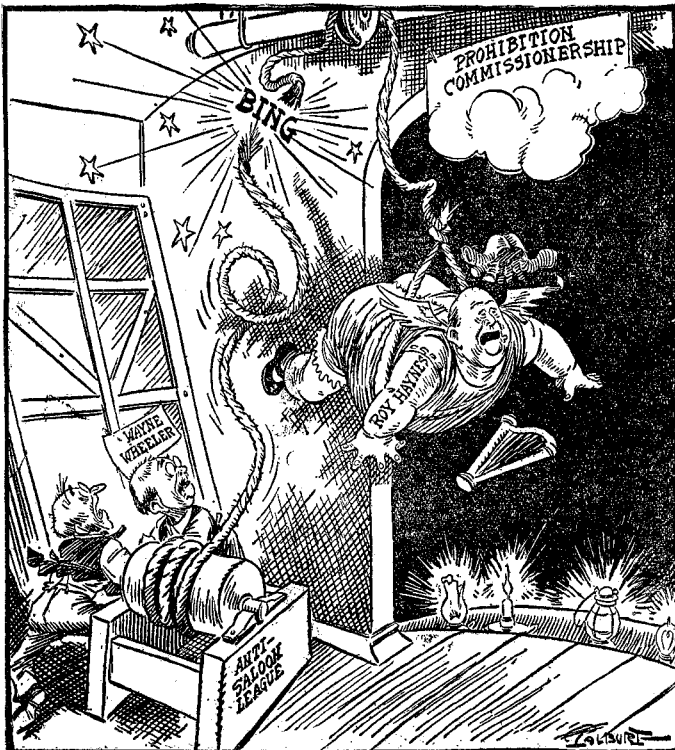
Knott in the Dallas News



"Where's that lion!"

From M. M. Kornfeld, Dallas, Texas

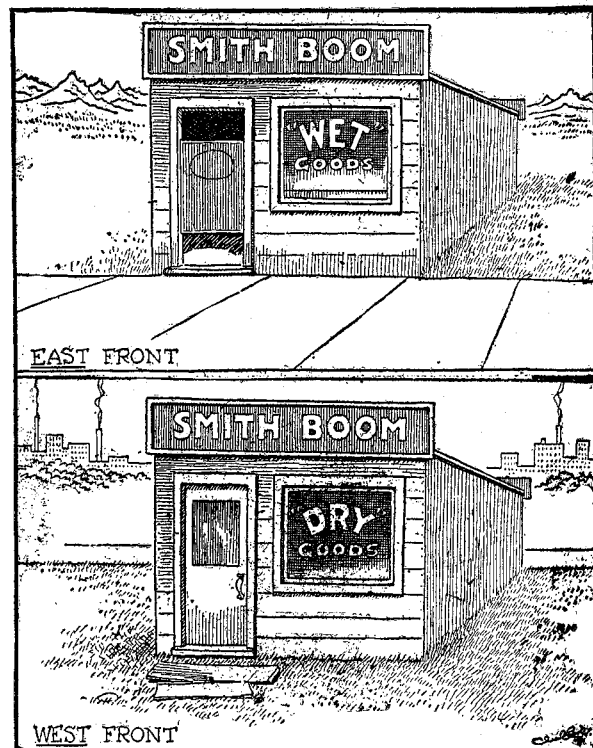
Talbert in the New York Telegram



Nope, little Eve doesn't get to heaven

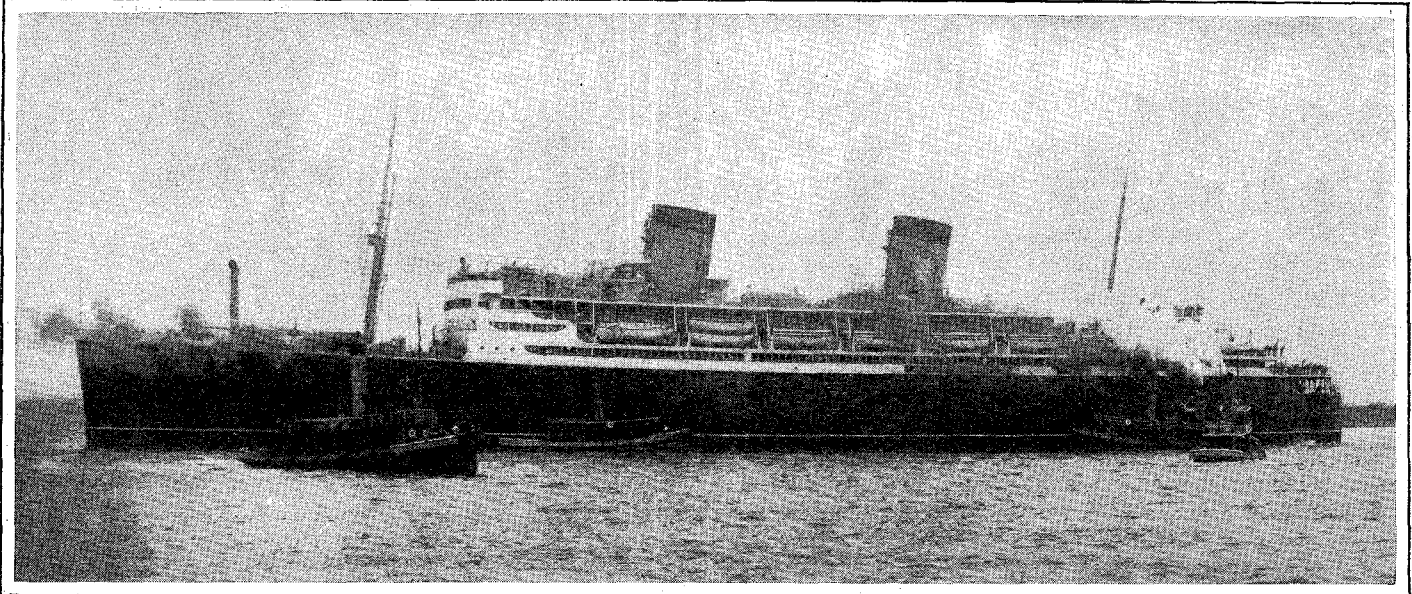
From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

Clubb in the Rochester (N. Y.) Times-Union



Two fronts

From Ward Clifton Davis, Rochester, N. Y.



The Matson liner Malolo, built to make the voyage between San Francisco and Honolulu in four and a half days

trip, there would have been headlines on the front page of every newspaper in the land, and yet the great and historic shipyard where she was constructed has gone out of existence with little more than passing notice in the daily press. When the Malolo left the Cramp Ship Building Yard in Philadelphia, she marked the passing of one of the most vital industrial concerns in America. Cramp's has felt the blight that has fallen upon American ship-building due to our unwise laws and cheap foreign competition. The wind-up of the ship-building activities at Cramp's means the break-up of an organization which for nearly one hundred years has been of tremendous service to the Nation in peace and war. It means the transfer of skilled labor into industries less essential for our National well-being. It means the termination of a proud tradition.

It was in 1830 that William Cramp, then but twenty-three years old, founded the celebrated yard. From its ways was launched the first propeller tug-boat ever built in the United States. It turned out half of the surf boats used by Scott's army in landing at Vera Cruz. For the Civil War Cramp's constructed many notable vessels, and when the time came for the building of America's first modern warships of the celebrated White Squadron, it was to Cramp's that the Government turned for aid. The fleet that fought at Santiago was very largely a product of the Cramp yard. For service in the World War it will be remembered that from Cramp's came twenty-five of our most modern torpedo-boat destroyers, all built before the signing of the Treaty of Versailles. These vessels, despite the fact that they were built at emergency speed, have proved to be the most efficient vessels of their type on the Navy list.

It would indeed have been a frightful loss if the Malolo had gone down off the Island of Nantucket. The country, however, might better afford to lose a fleet of such vessels than the standards of efficiency and the traditional skill of such an organization as Cramp's.

Francis E. Clark

DR. FRANCIS E. CLARK died at Newton, Massachusetts, on May 26, near the close of his seventy-sixth year. He was born at Aylmer, Quebec, September 12, 1851. He earned a high place in American life by founding on February 2, 1881, the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor. He was then pastor over the Williston Congrega-

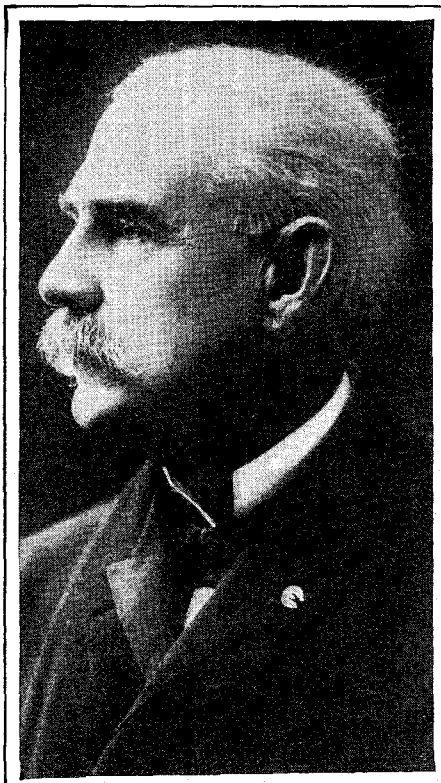
tional Church, Portland, Maine, a church that numbered barely fifty souls. The problem of its growth was the enlistment of the young. This he met with the formation of the Society of Christian Endeavor. He had planned it only for his own people, but the idea spread until some 4,000,000 became members, all over the world. It is still strong and represents one of the sanest religious movements ever inaugurated.

Dr. Clark never accepted pay as head of the movement to which he gave the best of his life. It is estimated that since its beginning some 25,000,000 young men and women have enjoyed membership in the Society. It has been an efficient refresher of the churches and a great power for clean living.

To a Lover of Birds

THERE was eminent fitness in the recent dedication at Oyster Bay and near the little cemetery in which Theodore Roosevelt is buried, of a bronze bird fountain as a memorial to one who from boyhood knew and studied the birds. It was erected by the Audubon Society. Dr. Pearson, the Society's president, pointed out that as President Mr. Roosevelt did much for bird conservation by promoting the establishing of reservations or sanctuaries. Such a sanctuary exists now at Oyster Bay and in it the memorial stands.

John Burroughs in this country and Sir Edward Grey (now Earl Grey) in England had particularly interesting acquaintance with Mr. Roosevelt as a bird lover and both testified about his remarkable range of knowledge and keen observation. Burroughs said that apart from recognized specialists of high rank he knew of no one who surpassed Theodore Roosevelt in this branch of natural history. Lord Grey has a delightful



Keystone

Dr. Francis E. Clark

chapter in his "Fallodon Papers" about his remarkable walk with Roosevelt through the English countryside to hear the English bird songs. When Roosevelt was only fourteen years old he made in Egypt and Palestine a collection of birds some of which we believe are in the American Museum of Natural History—his first real collection as a student of natural history, he calls it in his Autobiography.

At the exercises on the occasion of dedicating this memorial Dr. Frank M. Chapman, the distinguished ornithologist, truly declared that while Roosevelt in his youth had an ambition to become a thorough ornithologist, "there were other things besides the call to study birds in this young man's heart. There was the call of the historian, the ranchman, the hunter, the explorer, and the world at large. To all of them he responded, but they never crowded the birds from his heart."

The Little White House in the West

WE won't claim that it was Senator Norbeck's article in last week's issue of *The Outlook* which was the determining factor in President Coolidge's selection of the South Dakota State Park as his vacation home. But the article at least afforded readers of *The Outlook* with an explanation of the reasons why this delightful place was selected by the President. A park which combines within its borders the varied opportunities of catching trout and seeing buffalo, of mountain climbing and gold prospecting, certainly ought to keep even a President entertained during the weeks that



Wide World

The fountain for the Roosevelt Bird Sanctuary at Oyster Bay. It is the work of Bessie Potter Vonnob

he is able to be absent from Washington.

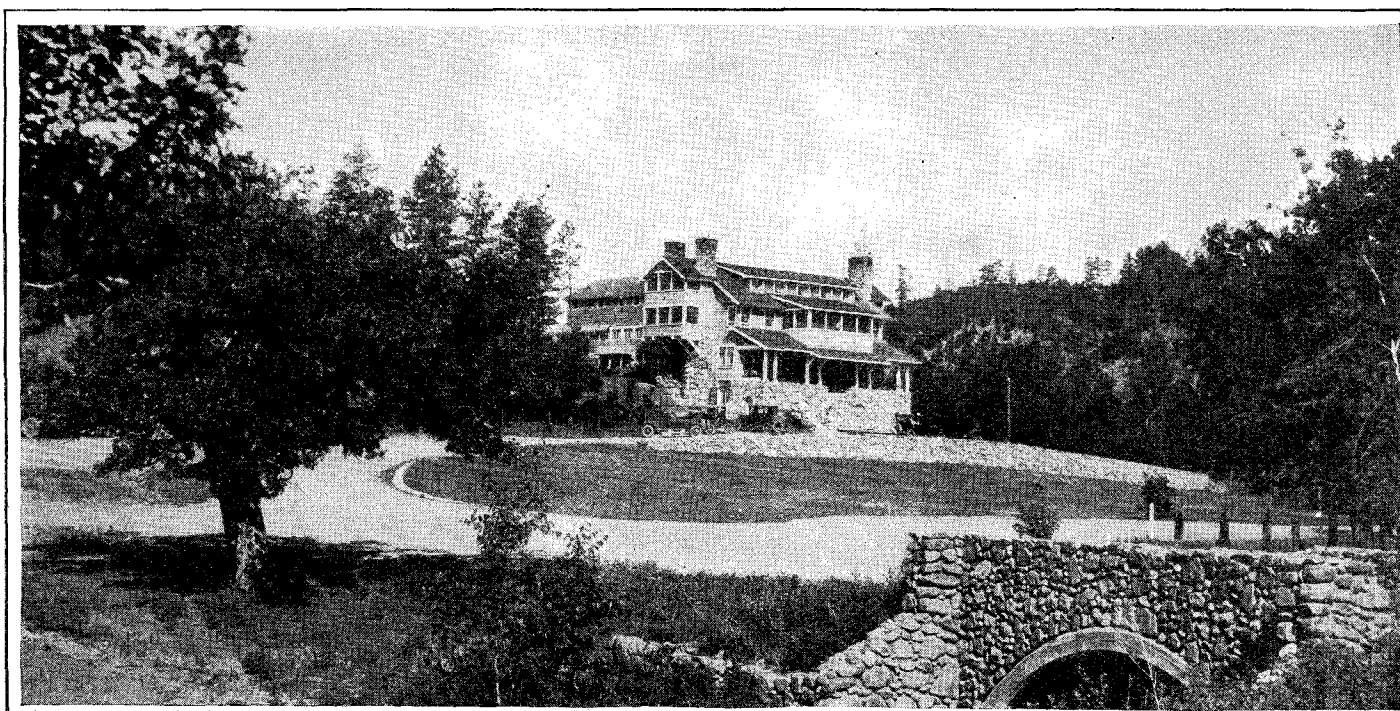
The Economic Conference Adjourns

THE first World Economic Conference has ended. Whether there is to be another depends upon the League of Nations which called it into action. One of the recommendations of the Con-

ference was that the League Council should reconstitute its Economic Committee, making it similar to the Special Committee which assembled the Conference. In this way, both the United States and Soviet Russia would be included in its scope. This provision for carrying on the work of the gathering at Geneva is one of its most important results. The League Council will undoubtedly act on the recommendation during its sessions in June.

The final report of the Conference, as adopted by the delegates, represents the most comprehensive and authoritative picture of world economic conditions which has ever been drawn. It declares, in part, that economic conditions in Europe can not be disorganized without affecting the rest of the world, that the rest of the nations feel the effects of Europe's reduced power of exchange and consumption. But, it continues, neither in Europe nor elsewhere is the economic situation uniformly good or bad. Depression is concentrated in certain main trades—iron, steel, ship-building, chemical manufactures, and so on—chiefly industries which were expanded to meet war needs. For their products, lack of capital resulting from diminished savings has prevented economic development on a scale adequate to produce a sufficient demand. Further, complicated and uncertain tariff systems in Europe—one of the heritages of the War—block the normal growth of trade; and failure to complete the system of European commercial treaties hampers it in other ways.

The American delegates declared publicly their belief that the Conference had been a great success, both in the spirit of co-operation and in the terms of the



(C) Rise Studio

The game lodge in the South Dakota State Park which is to be the President's summer home



Keystone

The towers of the Minster rising above the ancient walls of York

report. Its tangible results can become known only when the League has completed the task of presenting its recommendations to the governments of the nations for their final action.

An Ancient Temple

IN the week ending July 6 will be celebrated the thirteen hundredth anniversary of York Minster. It is an occasion of which the Archbishop of York remarks that it touches the imagination of the diocese and province—and he might justly have added of the English-speaking world.

The date fixed for this service is in memory of the fact that on Easter Day, in the year 627, King Edwin was baptized by Paulinus in a little wooden church, and thereafter began the building on that site of what the Venerable Bede calls "a larger and more noble basilica of stone." Some bits of this church were unearthed about a century ago; but very little of the present edifice outdates the thirteenth century. The marvel is that the reconstructions and extensions have been carried on with such sense of unity and completeness. York Minster is eminently stately and dignified. Its air of antiquity is worn severely and its Gothic lines are simple, while its details of architectural ornament are rich but unobtrusive.

The setting of the Minster is fine. It stands on an elevation facing the city, and in and about York are ancient remains of Roman occupations and of early British Christianity. Yearly thou-

sands of Americans visit city and cathedral; and certainly they will read with interest of the appropriate and varied services that will mark the memorial week. Not alone churches, colleges and schools, but also labor, arts, crafts, literature, Freemasons, and friendly societies, will have a part in the commemoration.

Rheims Cathedral Restored

By a gift of about \$1,600,000, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has supplemented his gift of a million dollars three years ago for the restoration of Versailles, Fontainebleau, and the Cathedral at Rheims. In his letter to Monsieur J. J. Jusserand, former French Ambassador to the United States, expressing his desire to co-operate further with the French committee administering the funds for the restoration, he refers to the result already attained as "highly gratifying." Indeed, Rheims Cathedral, badly injured and apparently irremediably scarred by German shell-fire during the War, has already been sufficiently restored to be turned over to the religious authorities. Mr. Rockefeller's gifts express the feeling of the American people as well as his own not only of indebtedness to France for the beauty she has given to the world, but also of recognition of the heavy burdens which France had to carry. The French, as Captain Lindbergh said (and he coupled with them the Belgians), are "remarkably good on the comeback," and these gifts of Mr. Rockefeller are

really an expression of a desire to take part with them in what they have been so nobly doing.

Mussolini Bids for More Power

VISIONS of a future Italy with a population of 60,000,000, an army of 5,000,000 men, a strong navy and a large air force, were described a few days ago to the Chamber of Deputies in Rome by the Fascist dictator, Benito Mussolini.

He told his hearers that he felt that program for the country to be necessary in order to meet a crisis in European affairs which he expects to arrive between 1935 and 1940. Also he remarked: "My successor is not born yet."

He ended by declaring that in ten years he and his associates will have so transformed Italy that the Nation will not be recognizable as the one it formerly was. The Deputies—practically all of them Fascists—cheered.

Ten years is a long time in politics and public life. And despite the excellent census which he is having taken, even Mussolini can hardly be certain that his successor has not been born. But his address has a menacing tone which the world has not failed to catch. The other governments of Europe have had their eyes on Rome increasingly in recent months. Mussolini's intentions are not entirely clear. But despite his assertions of peaceful purposes, their aggressiveness is obvious. And in the Balkans and along the French border his policies have been giving cause for uneasiness.

Will Great Britain and Soviet Russia Fight?

THE end of diplomatic relations and of the Trade Agreement between Great Britain and the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics has one clear meaning. After seven years of attempts to co-operate with the Soviets, England has learned what the United States has consistently maintained—that no co-operation with the Soviets is possible. The severance of Anglo-Russian relations may entail important consequences—economic and political—which cannot yet be foreseen. But one question is being asked: Is the break likely to lead to war, as Lloyd George has declared?

Prime Minister Baldwin has made it evident that England does not want war. On the Soviet side, Lenine wrote a year or two before his death:

"Sooner or later our Communist State will have to fight against the combined forces of all the capitalistic world." This opinion has become one of the corner-

stones of the Communist credo. The late Frunze, Soviet Russia's famous War Commissar, believed that "the whole military organization of the Union must be co-ordinated with this leading idea." His successor, K. Voroshilov, also believes that this new "World War" is unavoidable; he has stated it more than once. The idea of the world revolution still remains, at least officially, the final aim and the main purpose of the Communist Party.

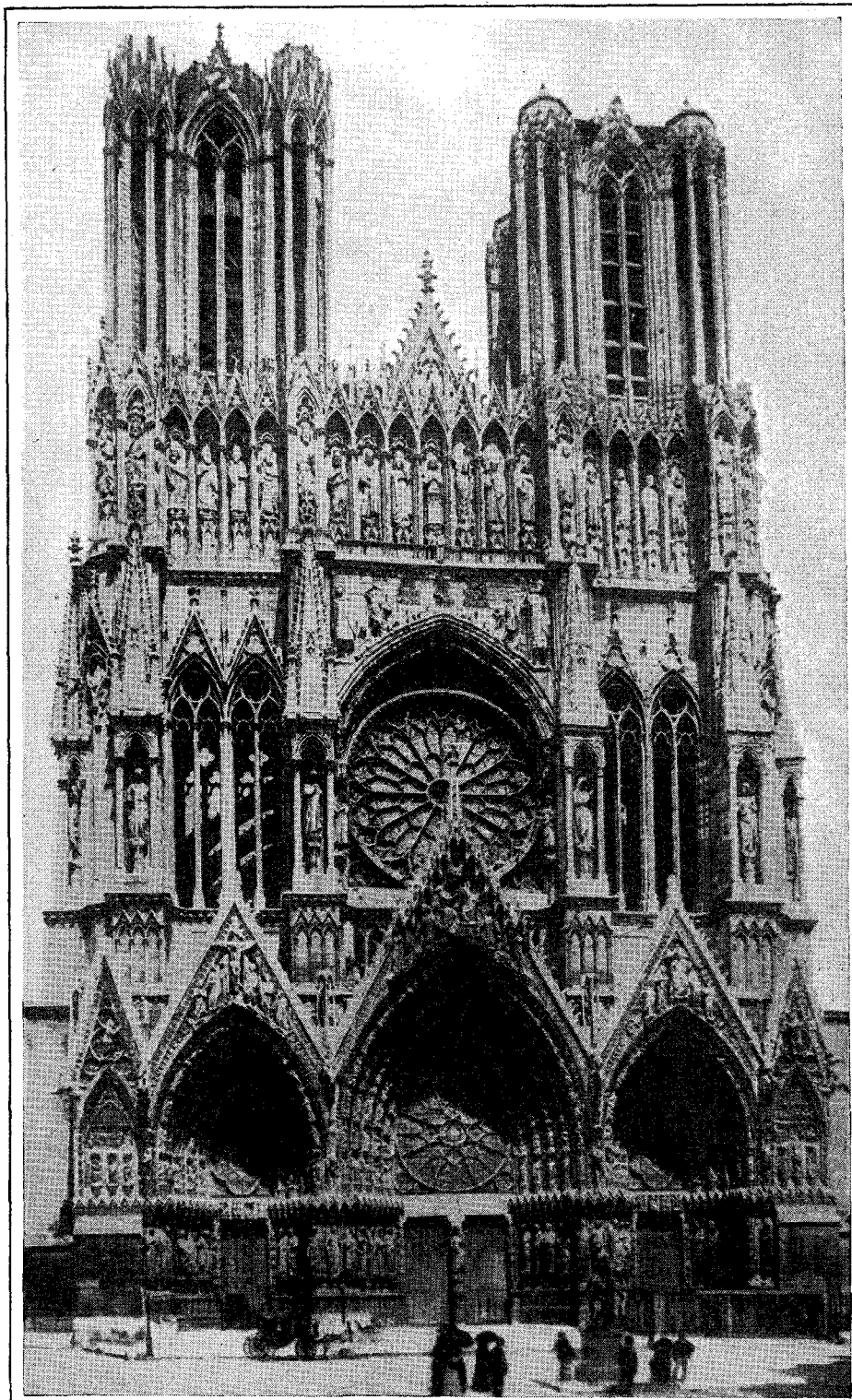
But the Soviet Government cannot fight. According to Soviet military periodicals ("War and Revolution," published by the Commissariat of War, "War and Technique," etc.), the Red Army only three years ago comprised about 3,000,000 men. Now it has been reduced to about 530,000 men; that is to say it is considerably weaker than the French Army of 800,000 men, and even than the combined forces of the States bordering on Russia—Poland, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, and Rumania—whose forces equal about 550,000 men).

One-half of the Red Army is regular, that is to say, is based on the principle of two years' compulsory service, while the other half is territorial. In the territorial divisions men serve only for from two to six months and then return, in the course of the following eight years, for short terms of from two to four weeks. The territorial system has been adopted in order to give training to a larger number of men without increasing expenses greatly.

It is admitted that the present standing Army is inadequately small for Russia. Before the War, Russia's peacetime army amounted to one million men. The Soviet military experts say, however, that Russia is now too poor to maintain a larger army.

Should a war be declared, the Soviets would undoubtedly succeed in raising the strength of their armed forces, by mobilizations, to some two millions or even a little more. But these two million men could hardly be equipped, armed, and provided with ammunition. The Communist war experts do not dissimulate the fact that even at the present time, when it numbers but half a million men, not all the Red Army is well-equipped. There are divisions in which men receive neither uniforms nor boots and drill in their village costumes, and in which obsolete rifles are used. It is also admitted that Russia's artillery is very weak: it hardly equals the combined artilleries of the border States.

A new war, especially a war with an enemy like Great Britain, would mean new famines, new upheavals, and probably the overthrow of the Government



Keystone

The west front of Rheims Cathedral

that started it. The Soviet statesmen are undoubtedly sincere when they assert that they will do everything in their power to maintain peace.

The Golden Age of Whisky

MYTHS and legends are generally supposed to belong to the distant past. We think of our remote ancestors as creating and believing in pretty fables which had no basis in reality. Perhaps they did, but we are rather likely to overlook the fact that myths and legends are daily aborning.

One of the most popular stories of the past dealt with the existence of a Golden Age where everything existed in perfection. One of the favorite legends of to-day is this same belief in a Golden Age. People who have reached the stage where they think that things were better when they were young pay tribute to this many-lived myth. Propagandists of the Golden Age are just as active to-day as they were in the time of Homer.

There is an American myth which belongs in the Golden Age classification, a myth that is almost a creation of the last ten years.

It is only a decade ago that people

recognized the fact that over-indulgence in liquor of any kind brought in its train disease and poverty. The statistics of a children's aid society were pitiful with the records of broken homes, the primary cause of which was alcohol. Now in popular thought this same beverage has become sanctified as the good stuff of a Golden Age. To hear some of its advocates orate one would suppose that before prohibition alcohol only served to loosen the tongues of philosophers and wet the whistles of poets. True it is that prohibition liquor may not have the flavor of elder distillations, and some of it may contain ingredients which only the cheaper whiskies knew before, but the essential drug remains the same. No one should object to the exposure of the evils which undoubtedly ensued from the sale of bootleg liquor, or the punishment of those who sell wood alcohol as a beverage, but we can at least pay our respects to facts by remembering that men got drunk from liquor which was sold under the protection of the Government before prohibition. Will the teary-eyed gentlemen who denounce bootleg liquor in one breath and appeal to the Nation to permit the Government to sell this same liquor in the next kindly note this fact for future reference?

Uncle Sam, Life Saver in Central America

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE is being criticised, especially in Latin America but also in the United States, for the outcome of the mission of his personal representative, Colonel Henry L. Stimson, to Nicaragua. Colonel Stimson, a former Secretary of War, used the influence of the United States to bring about a truce between the Conservatives and Liberals who were at war, and employed the forces of United States Marines which had been sent to Nicaragua in order to disarm the contending factions. Thus he brought an end to a destructive civil war. For accomplishing it, both he and the Administration at Washington are being attacked for interfering in the affairs of another country.

As is well known, the United States had recognized the Conservative Government under President Diaz, and consequently opposed the Liberal rebellion led by the former Vice-President, Dr. Juan B. Sacasa. The sending of the Marines and the mission of Colonel Stimson were in the interest of restoring order and safeguarding foreigners and their property. But there is more to the matter than that.

"When I reached Nicaragua," Colonel Stimson reported on his return to Washington, "I found that no prisoners were being taken by either side. The wounded, when captured, were killed, and even when not captured most of them fell victims to the hardships of the climate and the jungle in which the fighting took place. Cases were brought to my attention where non-combatants—men, women, and children—were butchered in cold blood, and also cases where such non-combatants were tortured and mutilated. Furthermore, the country was rapidly drifting into anarchy. . . . This situation is now practically entirely ended.

"This transition from war to peace has been accomplished by the faith which both sides have in the promise of the President of the United States, by arranging for American supervision, to give to Nicaragua a free and fair election in 1928."

The reason and justification of the American action are thus made clear. While Colonel Stimson made no further public comment on the internal situation in Nicaragua, dispatches from Washington said that officials there were left in no doubt of the blame he assigned to General Emiliano Chamorro for bringing about the revolutionary conditions which have led to the bloodshed in Nicaragua. General Chamorro is the Conservative leader who overthrew the Liberal administration of President Solorzano and Vice-President Sacasa in 1926. After the withdrawal of American Marines from the country, following elections in 1925 which their presence guaranteed, he seized power. The refusal of the United States to recognize him led to the appointment by the Congress of President Diaz; but the Liberal revolt was already under way and its chiefs refused to halt until compelled to do so.

By stopping the civil war, the United States has saved the lives of many innocent people in Nicaragua, who neither understand nor care about the political issues for which the fight was being waged over their heads. By promising new elections under supervision in 1928, it has made evident its intentions in a manner which must gradually carry conviction to the rest of Latin America.

Percheron and Pony

ALITTLE less than twenty years ago Charles K. Taylor began his studies of the physical development of boys and girls. After a long and exhaustive period of research he came to the conclusion that the aver-

age weight of boys and girls had no absolute bearing upon the normal weight for particular individuals. His findings were directly contrary to those of numerous well-known physicians who had worked out exact tables which purported to show how heavy a boy or girl should be for his or her height. These tables were, in many instances, used like the bed of Procrustes. All those who fell below the average weight for their height were expected to fatten themselves up, and those who weighed more than the average for their height were supposed to thin themselves down.

Mr. Taylor's findings were published in *The Outlook* in 1922 and promptly drew upon his head some rather vehement abuse from the proponents of the established tables. His articles also drew about one thousand letters from doctors, physical trainers, school nurses, scout-masters, teachers, and parents strongly approving his theories. Mr. Taylor was invited to Kansas City to lecture before the Jackson County Medical Association, and the Association passed a resolution strongly backing his whole contention. He was invited to Washington to discuss the matter with officers of the Public Health Service. Subsequently, the Public Health Service medically examined about 10,000 school children. The result of this survey showed that forty per cent of the children suffering from malnutrition had average weight or over, and that many children who fell below the average standard were in perfect physical health. The findings of this survey strongly supported Mr. Taylor's conclusion, that health could not be determined by weight alone, and that there is a wide range of normal, human physical types from slender to stocky.

All this is important but past history. We would not have referred to it at this time if the American Medical Association had not called an adult weight conference and invited a committee to evolve safe and healthful diets for reducing and increasing weight. The articles on diet have been running serially in the *New York Sunday "Herald Tribune."*

On this committee appointed to evolve healthful diets, are several of the physicians who attacked Mr. Taylor's articles in *The Outlook* most vehemently. So far as we have observed, however, the conclusions of the articles bear out Mr. Taylor's five-year-old data to the letter. The physicians preparing these articles stress most strongly the need of subordinating the study of weight to the study of health. One of the physicians who declared in 1918 that according to the

height-weight tables, twenty per cent of American school children were malnourished, now comes forward with the statement that the height-weight tables should be used as a zone rather than as a fixed point, and that a boy who is fifty inches tall may weigh anywhere from fifty-four to seventy pounds and still be in perfect health. He declares that children can be as much as twenty per cent above the average weight without being unhealthy. This same physician declares flatly that weight is determined by race, a contention for which Mr. Taylor was five years ago bitterly denounced.

In this connection it is interesting to note that one of the physicians in the weight conference publishes an article which begins as follows: "No matter how much she dieted and rolled and pounded, the Great Dane could not

make herself into a greyhound, nor could a Percheron reduce to fit a pony's harness." If we recollect correctly, one of the things for which Mr. Taylor was criticized severely was the analogy which he drew between the skeletons of a race-horse and a draft-horse and various human types.

We suspect that the colleagues of the eminent physician who points out the difference between the Percheron and the pony will not be as severe upon him as they were upon Mr. Taylor. Probably the difference will not be solely one of professional etiquette, for the world has moved since 1922, and Mr. Taylor can be credited with having given it a shove in the right direction. This editorial is not written to gloat over those who have adopted the view supported by *The Outlook*. It is merely to rejoice in a victory for common sense.

Up in the Air

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of *The Outlook*

ONLY a "flying-fool" would assert that Captain Lindbergh's dramatic and heroic feat of flying in a heavier-than-air machine across the Atlantic settles all the problems and difficulties of aerial transportation. One of the surest indications of his own wisdom and common sense is that he regards his unprecedented achievement as that of a pioneer rather than of a perfectionist.

But, on the other hand, only a foolish bigot would categorically assert that aerial transportation will never take its place with steamship transportation on the sea or railway transportation on the land. Captain Lindbergh is reported to have expressed the opinion that in ten years airplanes will be flying regularly over the Atlantic.

It is a singular repetition of history that just at the moment when Captain Lindbergh—than whom no one is more clearly entitled by experience and study to prophesy concerning the future of aviation—states that its practical and commercial development is assured, a book is published in England and this country written to prove that aviation is a great delusion.¹ Marshaling scientific facts and figures with much elaboration the author draws the following conclusion:

Cool and dispassionate consideration of the facts will show, however, that air power is illusory and air

¹The Great Delusion. By Neon. With a Preface by Arthur Hungerford Pollen. Lincoln MacVeagh and the Dial Press, New York.

power a will-o'-the-wisp. The development of aircraft for war purposes is a sheer waste of men and money, and, moreover, constitutes a grave danger, since expenditure and dependence upon unreliable and futile weapons is a sure road to defeat.

It will be shown that airships can never be safe or practical as commercial vessels, and that they are useless in war; that airplanes can never be made to pay in peace as passenger or freight carriers, and that in war they have proved themselves to be unreliable, ineffective, and unprofitable, no matter how brave the pilots or spectacular their exploits.

The historical repetition lies in the fact that the same things were said of the impracticability of steamships and steam trains.

In 1803 Robert Fulton successfully propelled a boat by means of a steam engine on the river Seine. But the French Government looked upon the experiment skeptically, so the inventor returned to his native land and in 1807 made the trip from New York to Albany in the steamboat *Clermont* at the speed of five miles an hour "in the presence of thousands of astonished spectators." It was more than ten years, however, before the first ship was driven by steam across the Atlantic. In 1819 a paddle-wheel vessel of 350 tons, the American-built *Savannah*, made the voyage from Savannah to Liverpool in twenty-five days, aided by sails. When the weather was too rough the paddle wheels were unshipped and taken in on deck. In 1838,

thirty years after Fulton's demonstration, the *Sirius* and *Great Western* began regular trans-Atlantic trips but shippers and passengers scorned them and they were unprofitable. It was not until 1840 that a Nova Scotian, Samuel Cunard, with the help of the British Government, firmly established the line of steamships which still bears his name. Paddle wheels were for a long time the accepted propellers and the screw did not finally displace them for deep-sea navigation until 1870. Thus more than sixty years were required to develop the essential principles of steamship transportation as we now understand them. The internal combustion engine and the steam turbine are only refinements of the fundamentals of 1870.

In railway transportation the obstacles were greater although they were more quickly overcome. George Stephenson built and operated his first successful locomotive, or "traveling engine" as he called it, in 1814. Its original principle was that the driving wheels were smooth. Against all the engineering advice of the day he contended that the adhesion or friction between the metal wheels and the metal rail would furnish sufficient tractive resistance. But it was not until 1829 that his faith in the locomotive as a transportation machine was justified, in the minds of scientists as well as the lay public, by the successful and dramatic test of the "Rocket."

In the meantime Stephenson survived an almost unbelievable flood of vituperation and opposition. When the Liverpool and Manchester Railway was first proposed in 1825 the "Quarterly Review," which was to the English intelligentsia of that time what the "Atlantic Monthly" is to ours to-day, remarked:

What can be more palpably absurd and ridiculous than the prospect held out of locomotives traveling *twice as fast* as stage-coaches. We should as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off, upon one of Congreve's ricochet rockets, as to trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine going at such a rate.

When the promoters of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway applied to Parliament for a charter its opponents bitterly attacked Stephenson. A distinguished barrister appearing before the Parliamentary Committee argued thus:

Who but Mr. Stephenson would have thought [of such an undertaking]. It is ignorance almost inconceivable. It is perfect madness in a person called upon to speak on a scientific subject to propose such a plan. . . . Every part of the scheme shows that this man has applied him-

self to a subject of which he has no knowledge, and to which he has no science to apply. . . . Locomotive engines are liable to be operated upon by the weather. You are told they are affected by rain, and an attempt has been made to cover them; but the wind will affect them; and any gale of wind which would affect traffic on the Mersey, would render it *impossible* to set off a locomotive engine, either by poking of the fire, or by keeping up the pressure of steam till the boiler is ready to burst.

But even this was not enough. When Parliament had reluctantly granted the charter and Stephenson had with rare skill built the railroad, its directors were undecided as to the motive power. They employed two independent engineers to study the problem. These scientists re-

ported in favor of stationary engines and ropes! Their proposal was "to divide the railroad between Liverpool and Manchester into nineteen stages of about a mile and a half each, with twenty-one engines fixed at the different points to work the trains forward."

In despair Stephenson urged a test which resulted in the famous competition at Rainhill, near Liverpool. The "Rocket" emerged victor and the modern railway was born. Of this achievement the "Scotsman" newspaper truly said at the time:

The experiments at Liverpool have established principles which will give greater impulse to civilization than it has ever received from any single cause since the press first opened the gates of human knowledge to the human species at large. They may be

said to have furnished man with *wings*—to have supplied him with faculties of locomotion, of which the most sanguine could not have dreamed a few years ago. Even steam navigation gives but a faint idea of the wondrous powers which this new agent has put into our hands. It is no exaggeration to say that the introduction of steam-carriages on railways places us on the verge of a new era—of a social revolution of which imagination cannot picture the ultimate effects.

In view of this history those who prophesy, even on carefully collated scientific data, the impossibility of practical aerial transportation are very much "up in the air." At all events the airship begins its career under more promising auspices than the steamship or the steam-carriage.

Behind the Levees

Special Correspondence from New Orleans

By DIXON MERRITT

ONLY those who live within the shadow of its levees know the Mississippi—and they do not know it. Whenever the flood waters crowd down between its man-made dikes of soapy dirt, it deceives them, lulls them, lures them to stay, to love the stream and the fertile land it has made, and to be destroyed by it. For the Mississippi, even at the height of its highest flood, lies lazily between its banks, placid as a painted pond.

Somewhere above, a crown break was not caught in time and wave wash carried the waters over the top. A little crevasse came, widened, sucked in the compliant dirt on both sides, gaped to a width of a thousand feet. And a torrent of tawny water roared through, slashed the nearby plantations into corrugated rubbing boards for the washerwomen of Thor, charged on to the Gulf over field and factory and forest and town. Somewhere below, there came at the base of the levee a sand boil—a little jet of crystal water no bigger than a lead pencil, tumbling tiny bits of yellow sand on its upturned feet, as a Japanese juggler does with balls. And that levee melted away and was not. And the tawny torrent so disfigured other plantations that they can never be plantations again but must remain till the end of time willow-grown sloughs for the coots to hide in and mud flats glorious with the blooms of water hyacinth. Somewhere on the other side, there was a caving bank—sheer eighty feet through

the soluble earth. And that levee died in a minute, of course, and—

No matter. There is no danger in this levee here. Look at it!

A warning comes from the director of things. There is danger. Evacuate! At least, for humanity's sake, send out the women and children, the aged and infirm, and drive the live stock somewhere—anywhere that they can get a little pasturage.

Well, the director is a fool. What does he know about this levee? Cannot you see that it is safe?

And that levee breaks. And there is pandemonium in the night—men and women running, their little children in their arms, toward some stretch of levee that has not crumbled, climbing to the roofs of their houses, into trees; horses and cows and dogs and all the things that trust their lives to man drowning in the onrush of the waters.

NOBODY knows the Mississippi. And engineers know it least of all.

For two hundred and ten years they have tried to bind this giant—this slow-smiling, lovely giant—with ropes of dirt. It was in 1717 that De la Tour, the French engineer at New Orleans, directed that "dykes be raised in front, the more effectually to preserve us from overflow." It was in 1735 that the first great high water came, that the levees crumbled as they have always done, that the report went back to Paris—levees alone are not sufficient.

For a hundred and ninety-two years that tragedy has been repeated in years not ever far apart. We have gone on trying to make the levees sufficient. We never did. We never shall. We do not know the Mississippi.

But, as nearly as we do know it, what is it—this stream that will not be controlled?

Everybody knows the Mississippi, the great river that flows down the middle of our continent to the Gulf of Mexico. After running down from Minnesota, it drains Louisiana—

No, it does not. The Mississippi, even its mouth, is not Louisiana's river. It is a flume through which the water of thirty other States runs over Louisiana to the sea. From the Arkansas line to the Gulf on the west and from Baton Rouge to the Gulf on the east side, hardly a drop of water that falls from the clouds on the soil of Louisiana ever runs into the Mississippi River. The rain that falls ten feet from the edge of its lapping current drains away into other streams. The land on both sides slopes away from the Mississippi, three, five, ten miles to the level swamp. The Mississippi is too high for the water that falls along its lower reaches to enter it; and that would be true if no levee had ever been built. The natural level of the river banks, built up through geological ages, is above the level of the surrounding country.

They say that two successive forest floors lie beneath the present surface of

the Valley. All of this applies, in slightly smaller degree, to all the lower Valley States.

LET us understand, then, that the Mississippi is the Nation's river. It does not flow down merely through the middle of the country from Minnesota. It flows down from the crest of the Rocky Mountains on the west, from States as remote as Wyoming, Idaho, and New Mexico. It runs down from two Canadian provinces across the whole reach of our Great Plains. It runs down from the east, not alone from the crest of the Appalachians but from the level lands of Western New York, hardly a gunshot from the Lakes. Its drainage basin stretches eighteen hundred miles from east to west and fifteen hundred miles from north to south. Its area is one and a quarter million square miles, forty-one per cent of the area of the United States.

Half a million of those square miles lie in the Missouri River basin, two hundred thousand in the Ohio-Tennessee basin, nearly two hundred thousand in the Arkansas River basin, a hundred and sixty-five thousand in the Upper Mississippi River basin, ninety thousand in the Red River basin, seventy thousand in what is called the Central Basin of the Mississippi River. There are fifteen thousand miles of navigable streams in the area drained by the Mississippi.

The overflow area of the Mississippi begins at Cape Girardeau, Missouri, and that town is forty-five miles above Cairo, Illinois. From there to the Gulf in a direct line, the distance is only six hundred miles, but so crooked is the stream that it actually flows eleven hundred and fifteen miles between Cape Girardeau and the Gulf. Along that reach, it inundates, when it does its worst, an area of thirty thousand square miles. The area subject to overflow varies in width from twenty to eighty miles.

On its way from Cape Girardeau to the Gulf, the Mississippi hugs the hills on the eastern edge of the alluvial plain clear to Memphis. The overflow area there is mainly the great St. Francis basin, westward in Missouri and Arkansas.

From Memphis, the Mississippi crosses the valley and strikes the western boundary hills at Helena, Arkansas, leaving overflow areas on both sides. It runs along the western hills from Helena to the Louisiana line, and there it crosses again to the eastern boundary hills at Vicksburg, Mississippi. It hugs those hills from Vicksburg to Baton Rouge, Louisiana. From there on to the Gulf, it runs through the center of the Valley.

Between Memphis and Vicksburg, the overflow area to the east is mainly the Yazoo basin and that to the west mainly the White River basin. From Arkansas City to the Gulf, practically the whole west side is subject to overflow. It contains the Tensas, Atchafalaya, and Lafourche basins. To the east, below Baton Rouge, are the Pontchartrain and Lake Borgne basins, within which is the city of New Orleans. Even where the river hugs the hills, there are numerous smaller overflow areas on the hill side of the stream.

ALL down that sinuous track are levees. Not a mile of river in the eleven hundred and fifteen but has its levee on one side, and most miles have them on both sides. Even the hills leave coves that must have their protecting walls of earth.

The French built like mad from the flood of 1735 onward. As if they were not building fast enough, the French crown in 1743 threatened forfeiture of title to lands not leveed. By 1752, the work was done. A report to the crown said that practically the whole river front was in a high state of cultivation "and securely protected from floods." It was not securely protected. The levees broke and were built again.

So it went until Jefferson's purchase in 1803—and so it went after the Louisiana territory became a part of the United States, until 1850. Then it went faster.

In that year, the United States Government committed a supreme folly. (Such things, remember, are often necessary.) It gave to the States all the swamp and overflow land from the mouth of the Ohio River to the Gulf, the States to sell them and thus provide funds for "reclaiming districts liable to inundation." The cry was then, as it has been ever since, that the only thing necessary was to build the levees higher and stronger.

Those were the days of the empire of cotton and slaves, and the delta land of the Mississippi was its heart. It was said that a man could pay the purchase price and the cost of reclamation with the first crop, pay for his slaves with the second crop, build his mansion with the third, and live in leisure and luxury ever afterward.

However that may be, the swamp lands soon went and the levees were soon built higher and stronger. By 1857, the work had been completed practically all the way to Cape Girardeau.

Came the flood of 1858. Is it necessary to say that the levees crumbled? They have never failed to crumble.

Hard on the heels of that disaster came secession and the Civil War. The levees were chopped to pieces, from military necessity, from malice, and by both sides.

Desultory efforts were made at levee reconstruction during the fifteen years following the war. But the public swamp lands were mainly gone, and nobody cared to buy them or to operate them. Many great plantations reclaimed from the swamps reverted to woods and remain so to this day.

By 1880, however, the levees had been patched up—not up to standard but in some fashion.

One of the greatest of all floods—indeed the greatest, until the one that has just passed—came in 1882. The levees broke at two hundred and eighty-two places.

President Arthur tried at that time to make the Nation recognize the Mississippi as a National problem.

Shortly afterwards, the Mississippi River Commission was created, under the War Department. That Commission adopted a definite program. That program, definitely, was this:

Build the levees higher and stronger.

Ruth did not follow Naomi with half the fidelity and devotion that the Mississippi River Commission has followed its program of higher and stronger levees.

A great flood came in 1912.

Build them higher!

A greater flood, in many respects, came in 1922. I saw a little of it—enough to get my feet wet and to crawl out on the last train that crossed at Vicksburg.

Build them higher still!

THE greatest flood of all came in 1927. I watched it sweep to the Gulf from that maze of waters where the Mississippi, ages ago, left its old bed and made a new one. That is Old River. There is North Old River and South Old River. There the Red comes in. And, mixed with them all, is the Atchafalaya River, the stream through which the Mississippi once ran straight to the Gulf instead of bending, as it now does, far to the east. From that point down, and to some extent up, I saw the flood conditions which I shall try to tell about in some other articles—the worst flood conditions that this country has ever known—and, may we hope, the worst that it ever is to know?

Is the program now to include anything except the building of the levees higher and stronger?

Is anybody ever going to try really to know the Mississippi?

Taming the Mississippi

By JOHN R. FREEMAN, C.E.

The greatest engineering problem facing the United States is the control and development of the waters of the Mississippi. The Outlook called on John R. Freeman, one of the foremost American civil and mechanical engineers, to present his views on this question to our readers. From his two articles, the first of which is published in this issue, the magnitude of the task which faces the country may be understood. These articles comprise a mine of information rich in the deposits of his world-wide observation and experience.—THE EDITORS.

TO one who appreciates the magnitude of the forces at work there is no more thrilling sight in the world than the mighty Mississippi at the full height of a great flood, almost anywhere between Memphis and New Orleans—a mile in width, a hundred feet in depth, boiling and swirling along with a current of five miles per hour, and with water surface only a foot or two below the top of the levees, threatening at a hundred places in its 1,500 miles of levee line a crevasse which may drive thousands from their homes for one or two months, and cause damages amounting to many millions of dollars.

After all that can be done by completing levees to full height all along, the danger of a great inundation once or twice in every forty years will always remain and this danger should be made plain and prepared for by all who live behind these levees.

While the flood of 1922, which brought the highest water ever known at many points until the present flood, was nearly at full height the writer inspected many miles of levees near Memphis, Greenville, Vicksburg, Baton Rouge, and New Orleans and studied the two great crevasses of that year in full flow. He had long been interested in the flood problems of American rivers and had studied those of "China's Sorrow"—the Hwangho—on the ground, and has taken great interest in following the story of the recent disasters and their lessons.

The Bright Side of the Picture

WHILE the newspapers are daily carrying new stories of the widespread disaster along the lower Mississippi, telling of fourteen thousand square miles of land flooded, of three hundred thousand people driven from their homes, of the break at Stopps Landing which has inundated much of the east side district around Greenville, I will not dwell on this picture of disaster, but turn to the examples of successful resistance of the flood by levees.

Almost nothing is being said about the bright side of the picture and the wonderfully good record of steadfastness that is being made for about six hundred miles of east side levees between Cairo and the Gulf, and several hundred

miles of west side levees, opposite and below Baton Rouge, which are protecting many thousands of homes and many hundred thousand acres of fertile land. There was imminent danger of failure upstream from Greenville in the flood of 1922, near where the recent great breaks have occurred. The writer then inspected many miles of dikes upstream to Stopps Landing and found examples of dangerous percolation, of sand boils, of scant thickness and scant height, and wonders if these had been raised or thickened within the past five years.

Notwithstanding the disastrous failures it is well worth while to study the facts of successful resistance. True, the breadth and total area of low bottom-lands is much smaller on the east side of the Mississippi than on the west side, but the lessons of the success of the east bank levees in the present flood and of the greater success of levees on both sides in the great flood of 1922 are more important than the lessons drawn from failures, because they prove the benefits of a levee system and clearly point the way toward a future success of, say, ninety-five per cent, when all levees are completed to the prescribed height.

In this flooding of vast areas there is nothing new. No longer than forty years ago nearly all of the vast areas of bottom-lands on both sides of the river, more than 25,000 square miles in extent, were covered by every great flood, whereas in 1922, with floods higher at Vicksburg than ever before known, there was only a single break in the 1,500 miles of levee on both sides of the river. True, other crevasses were imminent at Old Tom, Tunica, Stopps Landing, and elsewhere, but these were restrained by prompt and mighty efforts.

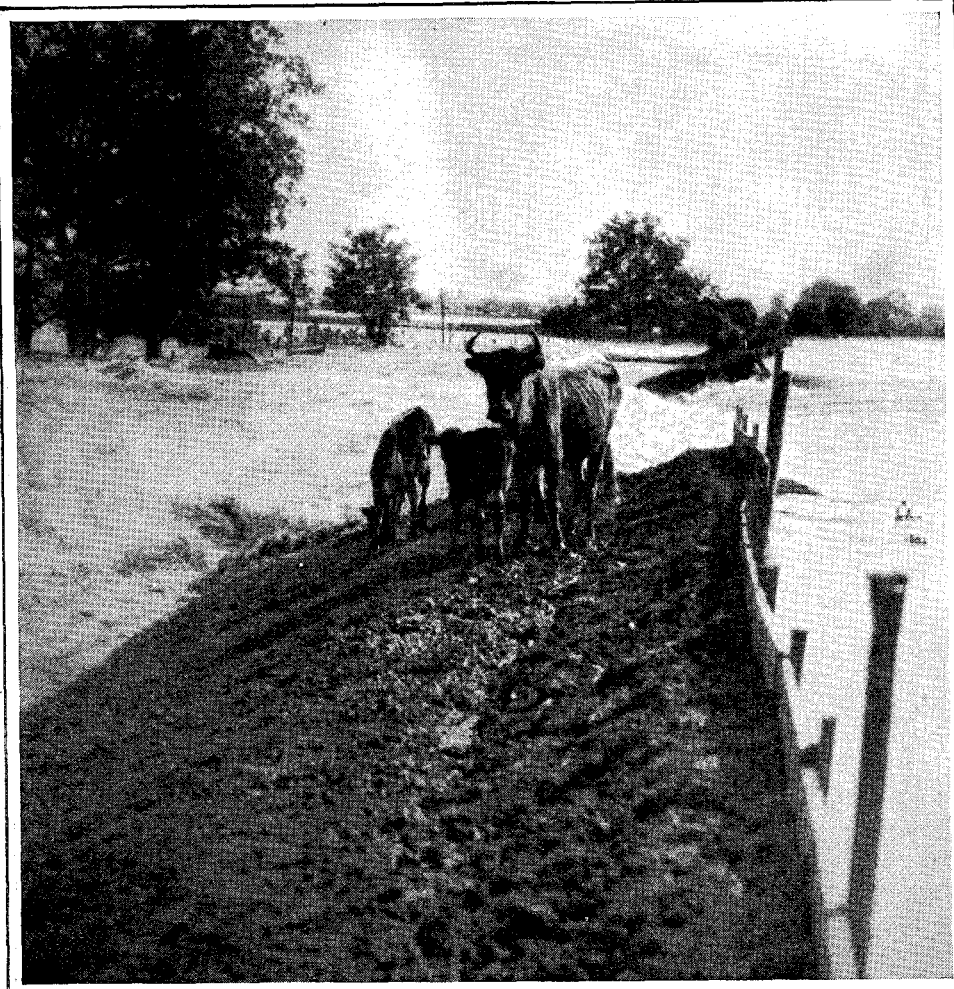
There were 712 crevasses in 1882-83-84, when most of the great river basins had only fragmentary levees, and practically all lands behind the levees were flooded. In the old days, most of the residents kept boats in readiness for retreat if surrounded by the slowly rising flood or the more rapid rise from a crevasse. In 1912 there were about 15 crevasses in the main river levees, flooding only about thirty per cent of the territory dependent on them. In the greater flood of 1913 only about half as

many breaks occurred as in the previous year, and in 1916, only one break of major consequence. In the great flood of 1922, the progress in perfecting the levee system had been such that from Cairo to New Orleans, a distance of 969 miles by river, comprising more than 1,500 miles in length of levees, with flood heights higher than ever before recorded, only one break occurred, flooding less than one per cent of the entire area. The Poydras break of 1922 was below New Orleans and its inundation was upon land mostly of small value and relatively small in area.

The long and bitter controversy of twenty to forty years ago must now be considered as settled in favor of the levee system so completely that if a vote could be taken among those best informed living up and down the Valley, probably it would be ten to one in favor of the levee system. The old argument that, with floods and sediment confined between levees, the river-bed would continually be raised and that because of the rising river-bed levees would continuously have to be built higher, has no proof to support it, and the few soundings available for comparisons of difference in bed elevations of forty years ago with those of recent times show no important change.

That the sediment of a widespread flood brings fertility to the land, cannot be doubted, but these bottom-lands contain such a store of fertility from the floods and sediments of countless ages, that restoration by this means is far less to be desired than the protection of levees. Whenever enrichment by this means is desired, flood water can be admitted under control and its spread controlled by small dikes, as has been done at some places in China; unless many years hence the flood plain of the river becomes ultimately lowered by scour of the swift, deep flow concentrated between the levees.

There can no longer be doubt that the levees all along the Mississippi and its tributaries below Cairo, should be completed with all practicable speed, up to the latest revised height and thickness specified by the Mississippi River Commission. This work was said to be five-sixths done by the former standards, but



Wide World

A precarious refuge for hungry live stock

perhaps now the standard section will be raised.

A Complete Levee System Not a Complete Protection

WITH the levees completed to the full height great flood dangers will still remain. The problem of holding this meandering river to its course, so as to prevent its attack from undermining levees, is a far more difficult, far more slow, and far more expensive matter than all of the levee construction involved from beginning to end.

The accepted methods of restraining the river from undermining levees and threatening farms or populous cities with inundation, by holding it back by revetment of these banks with mattresses composed of interwoven willow trees, wires, and slabs of concrete, cost at a rate of nearly one-third of a million dollars per mile of shore line. At the rate of construction of the past twenty years, two hundred years would be required to protect all of the shore line, and beyond this cost of original construction would be added many millions of dollars per year for its maintenance. Work of this kind cannot be largely hurried without extravagant cost, because of lack of

willow mattress material and other reasons.

It is not yet certain that this method of mattress revetment is the best and most economical method that can be worked out for holding this restless river to a permanent pathway; nor is it certain that the river should everywhere be held to its present crooked path.

Levees costing fifty million dollars plus revetments costing four hundred million dollars more, would not be a perfect or permanent remedy, and yearly maintenance costs will be enormous. The facts should be collected and looked squarely in the face.

The threatened crevasse at Old Town, Arkansas, in 1922, began apparently with the tearing out of a section of mattress revetment by the high flood.

Progress, Past and Future

THE studies, experiments, and constructions of the past seventy years have produced many admirable results, have safeguarded the waterfronts of important cities, have provided a safe channel in which great ocean freighters can enter the river at all times and proceed rapidly up to New Orleans or as far as the great oil refineries at Baton

Rouge. Levee sections have been developed that have afforded protection to ninety per cent of all of the cultivated bottom-lands, which a few years ago were covered by each flood. A more or less stable channel across the bars, nine feet in depth by two hundred and fifty feet in width, has been provided up river as far as St. Louis, and a successful beginning has been made upon barge transportation over this distance.

After all of this, there now opens up to view a chain of important problems of greater service by the river and of more complete control and a higher degree of safety, which require a far more intensive and far more scientific study of many factors than has been given to the problems presented by this great river in the past.

The best permanent success for a long future requires a new departure and a broader outlook and more profound study of many separate factors. All of this may require ten years of investigation, but during this time, levee building need not wait.

Observations and many experiments are needed along the river, and in the field, upon methods of erosion and sediment action, upon the facts of change in depth by scour, on the conditions controlling scour and deposit in flood and in drought, on the composition and origin of gravel bars, on the method of transportation of material thrown into the current by caving banks; all of which field work should be supplemented by experimental work in a hydraulic laboratory, similar to those which have been developed abroad, particularly in Germany (the "Wasserbau Laboratorien" or river-building laboratories) during the past twenty years.

The Hydraulic Laboratory

THE hydraulic laboratory is but one of the many means that should be used in these studies, but it is one of very great and fundamental importance. The laboratory would be used first to separate the various elements in the problem out for study, rather than to attempt the duplication of river conditions in a model of a broad reach of the whole river upon a small scale. The logical procedure would be that of trying parallel methods in field and laboratory and to begin with small river sections of the tributaries (for example, those of the Missouri or the Arkansas), and proceed by slow, safe steps from smaller to larger problems, until finally problems of the greatest magnitude could be taken from out-of-doors into the laboratory, and the line of successful attack in the



Wide World

Where the waters roar through the artificial crevasse blasted in the levees to save the city of New Orleans

riverbed could be reliably indicated by results upon small scale models in the laboratory. These European river laboratories have been doing wonderfully good work and effecting marvelous economies in time and cost of river improvement.

Need of a Long View Ahead

THE problems of the future, which a broader outlook now present, include those of far greater use for navigation than at present, of safe, deep permanent channels such that large ships may proceed much further upstream, of far greater reclamation of swamp lands for agriculture, of far better protection for the farmers, their homes, and their domestic animals. Also, there are difficult problems of outstanding importance relating to temporary or permanent spillways below New Orleans and an adjustable spillway at the old confluence of the Mississippi and the Atchafalaya. There are vast difficulties and costly problems presented of retaining this wonderfully crooked river from changing its course through the broad delta, so that it will neither eat its way through the heart of a prosperous city, nor leave the city far removed from its present waterfront.

In the remote, dim distance there are

speculative possibilities of training the river, while causing it to dig its own channel deeper, or lessening the caving of banks and of causing the river to transport its burden of sediment to the sea, so as to establish its future flood height at a much lower level; *possibly below that of the general surface of the bottom-land*, for all that portion of the river between Vicksburg, Mississippi, and Keokuk, Iowa, so that levees would no longer be a necessity; and it is not beyond the proper limit of dreams to consider the feasibility of restraining-dams, locks, and power-drops, along the straightened course, from which thousands of horse power could be developed.

Impracticable Proposals for Flood Relief

AT this point it may be of interest to say a few words about some of the many projects of flood prevention which are put forward after each great flood:

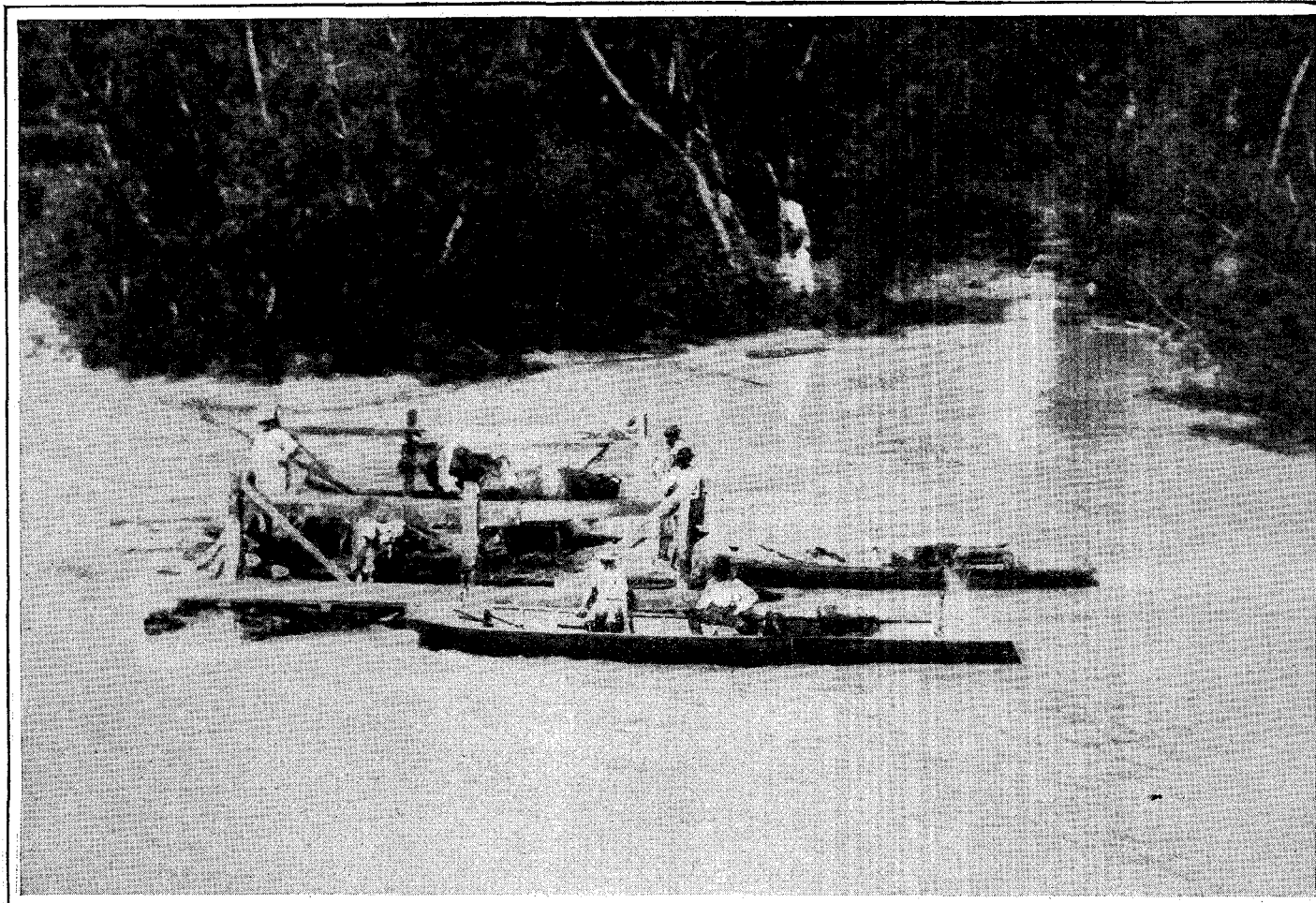
1. *Reforestation*—This plainly is impracticable—the greater part of this drainage area within regions of large rainfall, not now forest-covered and upon which forests would grow, are far more valuable in farms than in forests.

2. *Reservoirs on Head Waters*—The great floods do not originate on drainage tributary to the headwaters. The pos-

sible reservoir sites are manifestly insufficient, and moreover, the experiment was tried on a large scale many years ago by building a few vast shallow reservoirs in Minnesota, and all thought of further construction abandoned after the futility of such reservoirs had been demonstrated. These were expected to both retain flood-water and aid in navigation in the Upper Mississippi by release of water in the dry season, but their effect was found practically unnoticeable below Lake Pepin. Uses for flood prevention and for dry season water supply conflict. A reservoir for flood detention should normally be kept empty. One for dry season water supply should be kept always as full as practicable.

3. *Detention Reservoirs in the St. Francis and other basins below Cairo*—These were given much discussion many years ago. Surveys prove the storage space available would be insufficient. Moreover, the land is more valuable for reclamation, and meanwhile levees have been proved mostly successful, so that such vast, costly reservoirs are found to be both unnecessary and impracticable.

4. *Spillways*—The spillway idea received a great impetus in the flood of 1922, when the natural crevasse at Poydras apparently lowered the flood height at New Orleans, ten miles up-stream



Wide World

Salvaging cattle on a home-built raft

from Poydras, by two feet; and it has received new support by the recent (May, 1927) dynamiting of the levee at Caernarvon, a little down-stream from Poydras, which appears to be now holding the New Orleans flood level below the danger point. Had one known that they were coming the recent breaks on the west side would have made this costly breach at Caernarvon unnecessary.

The chief objections to permanent controlled spillway sluices at this point are possible injury to navigation channels that may be caused by diminished power for the scour and transportation of sediment in the main channel, and the uncertainty of maintaining with safety the outflow channel from the spillway.

There are better possibilities for a spillway here at Caernarvon or at Poydras than farther up-stream, due to small value of land flooded by the breach, but it is open to question if it is not better to rely on the possibility of an artificial temporary breach, like the present, in rare emergencies—perhaps, once in twenty-five years—rather than incur the vast expense of permanent sills, sluices, and safe discharge channels.

Also there are possibilities for an emergency spillway opening into the

Atchafalaya that are well worthy of thorough investigation, because of the much shorter, straighter channel thence to the Gulf, and its position up-stream from New Orleans and Baton Rouge. Extensive research would be needed all along the Atchafalaya, and with this, or any other spillway, the possible effect in shoaling the navigation channel under the lessened velocity must be more carefully studied in the light of far more data than now available.

After all that is practicable has been done (unless the remote hope of lowering the river-bed by flood scour materializes), whoever settles on these fertile lands *should recognize that he is taking chances*, and should, like the earlier settlers, always be ready for an emergency.

5. *Safety Mounds*.¹—The building of small islands of safety at frequent intervals along all main highways over the bottom-lands and within the broad delta gives such promise that these are worthy

¹ Such mounds should be built all through the lower Mississippi bottom-lands which are behind levees that may be ruptured, at intervals of a mile along all main highways, each rising to a height of perhaps four feet above the flood profile and having an area perhaps fifty feet by one hundred feet, intended to serve as a refuge for the residents of the neighborhood and their live stock. It would be wise to place each farmhouse, and a shelter for cattle, upon such a small mound. Naturally these mounds would be placed some distance back from the main levee and their banks below the permanent water level could be protected by a crude, wooden sheet-piling surmounted by a thin concrete paving upon the slopes, sufficient to resist the moderate currents that may be expected over the flooded lands.

of most careful investigation. The writer has seen many of these islands of safety in China, each rising a few feet above flood level; some only large enough to hold the farm buildings and give narrow yardage for domestic animals, and others large enough to contain a small village. It is said that along the coasts of Holland, Friesland, and North-western Germany many mounds of this character were built centuries ago by the farmers, who placed their homes upon them to give safety during storm-tides from the sea, and that later on some of the present great dyke systems were formed by joining these ancient mounds.

These mounds seem to be well worth their cost because of the risks of crevasses occurring in future as described in next week's article.

Quick Recovery

THE floods drain off and their effects disappear in surprisingly short order after the river recedes to the so-called "bank-full stage." The planting is delayed, the year's product lessened and in rare cases it is almost wholly lost. A few months after the flood of 1922, the writer traveled more than twenty miles over the ground, near Ferriday, which he had seen covered with apparent ruin, and was astonished at the small

evidence of disaster left. Crops were growing finely, and the rate and amount of recuperation almost beyond belief.

The houses and farm buildings throughout most of these flooded areas, so far as the writer has had opportunity

to observe, are seldom of an expensive character, save in the sugar plantation districts; in fact, a frequent impression is of occupancy by tenant farmers who remain pitifully poor, while owners and lessors live safe on high ground in the

neighboring cities. To make certain of such mounds or islands of safety, as described above, they would have to be built by and at the cost of the levee district, best perhaps, as appurtenances to the highways.

A second article by Mr. Freeman on this subject will appear next week

California Salvages Sinners

By DON C. SEITZ

B ISMARCK once said, "the worst use that could be made of a man was to hang him." A close second to this wastage is to put him in prison and give him nothing to do. Hundreds of men are idle in American penitentiaries, rotting in mind and body, doing nothing for the State or their dependents outside. Organized labor, through political influence, has cut down shop work in most States to such stuff as the State itself can use. Where employment is given it is usually monotonous and unprofitable—a mere time-chaser with nothing in it for anybody.

FOR three years the so-called "Convict Pay Law" has been in force in the Golden State. It provides that a wage not in excess of \$2.50 per day shall be paid to prisoners employed on the roads by the California Highway Commission. The average pay given for the period has been \$2.10 per day. From this the State deducts all costs of maintenance, which includes, besides board, transportation, guards, doctors' bills, shoes, clothing, the barber, salaries for supervision and business needs, compensation insurance, clerical work, rewards for escapes and the expense of trailing the elopers, bedding, tobacco, soap, towels, laundry, and all incidentals of camp life. Before this system went into effect, it cost \$2.10 a day to maintain men in camps and the results were not good. The cost has now been reduced to \$1.813 per day, and the difference, \$0.827, is credited to the convict. During the period the law has been in force, 1,900 prisoners have been kept busy on the roads. They have given the equivalent of 445,387 days' labor, or 2,196 years' for one man. But twenty-six convicts have escaped "for good" in the period, while of the number paroled, only two per cent have returned to the toils. The prisoners have left the camps with an average of \$85 in their pockets, against the customary \$5 under the old system, while their net earnings have totalled \$127,594.78, of which \$29,983.53 was paid to dependents,

against nothing under the previous way of working. One prisoner saved \$500. The average time served in the camps is ten and one-half months. Seventy-two per cent of escapes have been recaptured. The standing reward is \$200. As the cost comes out of their pay, it is believed that fact has some restraining influence.

Economically, the State profits greatly by steady work on the part of men who have become experienced. The turnover is but eleven per cent against sixty per cent per month in "free" road camps. The prisoners do not fight or quarrel, and they do not steal from each other, despite the fact that thieves predominate in their membership. The consensus of opinion is that the morale of the men has been immensely improved, in addition to which they build good roads. Men who did not save their money are cut off from parole privileges and are sent back to prison with loss of credit. This also helps to make them saving.

There is plenty of entertainment, though ball games are confined to contests between camp nines. Every week the San Francisco Film Board of Trade sends a movie comedy to each camp. There are plenty of books to be had; also magazines. Radios, too, are provided. A "Prisoners' Fund" pays the petty incidental costs. It is made up of fines laid for violation of rules.

THE benefits to the prisoners have been great. There is little sickness and no malingering. The men work an eight-hour day. The fear that prison camps are bad for the vicinage has proven unfounded. There are ten camps, and no neighborhood complaints have been in evidence.

The State road operations under the convict employment law have cost \$2,827,615.61. Of this \$935,148.14 represents the gross wage paid prisoners. In all, the men have built fifty-three miles of heavy concrete construction, while the State has saved a loss of \$500 per day for maintaining convicts.

This item in itself justifies the move. Beyond that the betterment of the man has been remarkable. The curse of idleness has been removed from his daily life. He does something that counts. Every foot of new road has a meaning. He has learned to look forward to the next day instead of cursing its coming. He has learned that wasting materials, including food, drawing commissaries that are not needed, staying in from work by feigning sickness, trading with free people, loafing on the work, or agitating in camp will all result in being immediately returned to the prison. None want to go back to the four walls.

IT is interesting to learn from the reports of the prison authorities that the men get on well with the "free" employees. There is no friction, and much real fellowship, all of which goes to restore the self-respect of the black sheep.

It has been demonstrated that nothing produces prosperity like good roads. The forty-eight States need about 2,000,000 miles more. For an indefinite period road-building will rank among the greatest of American industries. Immigration restrictions have cut down the supply of horny-handed labor. Why not open the prison doors and do two things at once—salvage sinners, as California does, and build pathways for the people at low cost and to the great benefit of all concerned.

Think of the thousands of men who sit idle under guard, or in locked cells, becoming each day more doltish and debased. Then picture the outdoor camp, with pick and shovel for exercises, removing obstacles, levelling the path and seeing the results of every blow or spadeful.

How, with an example before them, legislators can continue the crude and barbaric system now in main effect is something incomprehensible.

The elimination of waste is the highest form of economy. Factories have learned to save material. States should learn to save men.

Angling for Anglers

By HENRY MARION HALL

ARTIFICIAL flies are the only infallible lures. Angler, consider the favorites in your book: March Brown, May Fly, Queen of the Water, with the rest. In a sense all have proved successful. If they have caught few fish, they have, at least, caught you.

Otherwise, how can you explain their possession? The evidence is against you. Undoubtedly you rose to every ephemeral bait that you own. Your stand-bys, perhaps, number only two or three—but what infinite variety of tinted plumes has drawn you to the hook!

Scarcely have gray geese honked north to summer homes along the Arctic Ocean, before sporting-goods emporiums become little more than pounds, in which imprisoned fishermen swim aimlessly, without realizing that they are prisoners. Not yet have they poked their noses into the gill-nets, nor taken the deadly barbs; but every clerk in the place knows that they are as good as captured. Already game, they might as well be weighed, and thrust into the general creel.

The open season for anglers long precedes the open season for angling. Weeks before it is legal to take actual trout, it is legal to take actual "trout-ers." Nor is there any cruelty in this, because many of them will never feel at liberty to fare a-field. A subtle magic draws them to the store, to hook the swimmers of their dreams. And what cheaper way to do this than to purchase a beautiful lure or so?

THE older your trout, the warier he becomes. Not readily may the hefty fish be enticed to try a sporting chance. But it is precisely the opposite way with your dyed-in-the-wool "piscator." He comes of a brotherhood that have always bitten and that always will bite. In this one respect fishermen are idealists.

Their young men shall see visions,
and their old men shall dream
dreams.

Before this dreaming propensity became fixed in him, gaudy color alone attracted the young angler, and made him a customer. The original appeal must have been to the eye. But now, with advancing years, the well-loved flies have taken to themselves the potency of talismans, capable of appealing to all the five senses.

The nature of this necromancy became clear to me while watching a group of veterans not long ago. Before them spread a counter, gay with artificial flies. Within the compass of a dozen feet they saw the rainbow and the northern lights. Only fancy! If those myriads took wing, how the air would wink and shake with color. And yet, without stirring from their boxes, such silken shams work greater wonders. Even the plainest of them may brighten in the angler's mind, vistas reaching back to childhood.

But what is the talisman and what the magic?

WELL, watch that grizzled fellow who has picked up a lure, and turns it in his palm, with critical eye. "Only a 'Coachman,'" you say. "A reliable, all-round fly; but nothing more."

Nothing more to the uninitiated, perhaps. But to the old man it has a voice—the voice of a hundred little rivers. Its tiny wings shed the fragrance of incense-breathing pine. And something about it recalls the aroma of trout, roasting over camp-fires of the past. A taste, also, renders it delectable—the savor of fish eaten with tried companions in the Northern woods. The faces of some of them, so ruddy in the fire-light fanned by this insignificant artificial fly, passed from the world a score of years ago.

So much for three senses, but now for the sense of touch.

How about the fish which strikes, out of mere wantonness, at the foot of a "riffle" in Ten Mile Creek? One of the ancient fishermen happens to be lighting his pipe, so that the precious object is jarred from between his teeth. It hisses into the water, never to be recovered, while the surprised owner starts to battle with a trout not easy to conquer. What a marvel he is, too! A gleaming, pink-speckled prize, nearly three pounds in weight, with a belly the hue of old Scotch gold. But he proves only one of a long string of lordly fish driven to creel by the Coachman, most reliable of lures.

ANOTHER worthy, apparently crony to the first, is now examining a White Miller. Although his visage is wrinkled like a November apple, his eyes are blue and young. "But why is he interested in a Miller?" you inquire. "A plain little fly, if ever there was one."

Yes, but listen! It cries like the

whippoorwill that used to haunt a hickory grove near a certain pool in a valley. A strange ventriloquism shudders through the notes, calling the fisherman back to boyhood. Barefoot once more, he steals toward the black water, and takes his stand behind the shoulder of a rock. Perfume of sweet-flag, how heavy you hang upon the dusk! And hark! Was not that the splash of a rat? The lad strains his ears, and so keen becomes their sense that he can hear the whimpering of an owl across the glen from a distant orchard. The ooze chills his toes while he pauses to watch for insects.

Millers float on the surface. The wings of the latest mite to fall, still shuddering, start widening rings, barely visible in the faint light. "Ssssssssh!!!" something swirls into the depths, and the moth is gone. Hastily, with wildly beating heart, the boy ties a Miller to his leader, and flicks it into the gloom.

"Splasssssssssh!!!" Is that an explosion? How savagely the great trout takes the lure, and how madly he races about in the semi-darkness. "Zzzzzzzzz!!!" screams the reel, while the rod bends like a willow switch pointing, as always, to water. It is difficult to believe that the youngster can ever land such a whopper with tackle so frail, and without a net.

But what are hats for, unless for just such emergencies? Ere long he manages, in the deftest way, to slip a broad brim under the lunging quarry, and to toss it ashore amid brambles, where it flaps spasmodically. And if he lives to be a hundred, which is not unlikely for an angler, the lucky fellow will never land a more beautiful trout. How broad and powerful he looks! What changing tints of bronze, and orange, and red he shows, and how heavy he is. But such is the fortune of beginners, who catch bigger trout than their grandfathers.

THE third fisherman examines a Parmachene Belle. "Too bright for round here," cautions the clerk, speaking for the first time. "Good for heavy fish—way up in Ontario, or places like that."

But there is no need for such information, because this beautiful fly proves a talisman as potent as any. Hardly has the disciple of Izaak Walton touched its wings when he hears the scream of an eagle, and glances aloft to see it wheeling above the black spruce. The Belle

has transported him, as it were, on a flying carpet, well up towards Hudson Bay.

Below rumbles a rapid in the Abitibi River—a thunder almost as terrifying as that of Niagara. At his feet a tributary stream, swollen by rain, roars also, but in a higher key. Not good angling weather, of course. Nevertheless, his Parmachene Belle, borne by a rip along the face of a rock, and nearly under an up-rooted poplar, is hit as if by a barracuda or by a cruising wahoo in the Gulf of Mexico. Right there and then the veteran finds himself at the beginning of a struggle which he will long remember—a struggle with the noblest

trout of them all. He shows all the dash and vigor of tingling Ontario waters, but the fates are against him, so that he is netted at last.

The angler's friends have landed some goodly fish in that stream, and most of them are distinguished by golden hues. But this huge fellow shows a belly of bronze and red, and a girdle of spots that reminds his captor of his first glimpse of the Aurora Borealis. Soon he is frying him over a fire in the fragrant balsam grove. Pleasantly winks the light in the eyes of his hungry companions, and of the Indian guide. Somewhere down river the howl of wolves echoes weirdly, and once in a while the

strange call of a cow moose to her calf. Yes—that Parmachene Belle is “some medicine man,” as the aborigine phrases it.

THAT is what I meant by stressing the infallibility of artificial flies. In the first place they catch their purchasers. These in turn catch fish—some more, some less—but all destined to become in the long run, “dream fish,” or at least such stuff as dreams are made of. Certainly they grow no smaller in the memory, and, as years roll by, they may be pleasantly evoked by the Talisman Fly—now and always, as potent as Aladdin's Lamp.

The Good Things of Our English School Neighbors

By JESSIE ORR WHITE

OUT of a background of many years of traveling for the four summer months in England and France and of a quarter of a century of the many friendly and satisfying contacts occasioned by the teaching of English in Canada and the United States, I feel sure that we in America have not grown into all the good things of our English school neighbors. I am speaking from a rather narrow but not negligible view-point—that of girls' schools which correspond to our secondary private schools. In these days of awakening to the pleasure of faculty and student co-operation in the solution of school problems, to the welding of the adventure and inventiveness of youth with the experience and judgment of the days beyond youth, you surely will ask, alertly, “What are the good things of our English school neighbors?” and I am glad to have the chance to tell you what I think some of these good things are.

One of my friends wrote me recently some of her reflections on choosing an American boarding-school for her daughter. “I still feel,” she wrote, “that the informality in America brings with it fine qualities—deep, friendly qualities which we cannot belittle; yet if our children can never measure up to a more rigorous standard, they will lack—what shall I call it but fortitude?”

THIS calls for my first observation that term time in English schools is a serious business. Although the vacation periods do not exactly correspond

to ours, the proportion of time allotted to school and vacation is approximately the same. During term time, however, girls do not leave school for theaters, operas, dances, shopping, or even to visit their families. American parents sometimes find it easier to yield to their children's importunities than to help discipline them. At stated hours the families of English schoolgirls may visit them, but may not interfere with any of their school work. The week-ends are thus invariably leisure time.

The leisure time thus gained is given to hobbies. One school, the main building of which was an old priory, I visited on a Saturday. In the grove of oak trees one group of girls were studying exits and entrances for an outdoor performance of a play. Many were busy with cricket and tennis. I met another group evidently just returned from a walk in the woods, sitting on the bank of a stream and seemingly absorbedly interested in comparing their botanical treasures. Another group of three were in a shady corner of a woody path talking over pencil sketches in process of making. Two girls were building a chicken-house; a large number were gardening (each girl in the school had a garden plot of some fifteen feet square, and some had devised and carried out charming garden ideas); inside some were in the studio, and with evident love working over illuminated books, binding or writing text in script or illustrating; some were modeling in clay. At many turns there were girls reading. What

especially impressed me was that each girl seemed to be following a desire to do or to create something gratifying to herself. Each girl had a hobby, and it was a delight to see with what zeal and skill she was pursuing it. I fancied that, as I went about among the common rooms and studies used by the girls, I noted a definite result of this—a Zorn etching given by one girl to the study because, as my guide said, “Jane wanted us all to like her favorite etcher” (there were etchings everywhere in that school); a choice group of first editions collected by another girl and put where all could enjoy them; a case of butterflies mounted and labeled with discrimination and scholarliness. The taste was for interesting, fine things; the things which the girls had chosen to have about them were of more than ordinary fineness.

AND this brings me to my second observation, which leads me to quote again from the same letter from which I have already quoted: “I find many mothers who are anxiously looking for schools for their daughters. Some seem preoccupied with heating plants; others are exercised about the bathing facilities; many are concerned about the correctness of the personal associations. Rarely do I find one who is searching for some more intangible quality in the institution where they will place their children. Do you remember the article on ‘Old Sawney's’ in the ‘Atlantic’ a year or so ago—a school with bare walls,

What and Why in China

by Paul Hutchinson · Cloth \$1.00

PUBLISHED JUNE 1ST

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From the book—“China has been identified in our minds with mystery ever since we first peered tremblingly through the steam-fogged windows at Tom Lee working within his laundry. And now, just when we should know China best, we find ourselves so confused by the daily dispatches that we are again almost ready to give up trying to make sense out of this enigma.”

almost a meager life, but what a feast for the gods those boys found with that great schoolmaster! For myself I found something of that spirit at —; life abstemious, but finely tempered; life which taught self-control. And the outstanding realizations which came to me as I entered college and which remained with me through the years of my college course were that I had acquired in my first school the ability to concentrate and that I had learned there the fine content of each hour as it passed." "And what is my observation?" you ask. It is that English schools provide for the leisure time which allows for growth in self-expression, in self-control—the two things which teach us to grow in "the grace of fine content of each hour as it passes."

The school referred to by my correspondent was an American school—a school defined by one of its oldest friends as one of "gracious hospitality, sincerity, fineness, simplicity." It had some of the good things of our English school neighbors.

AND now I come to my third observation, which was that in nearly all of the schools I visited it was the privilege of the older girls to have single rooms. In two schools there were more single rooms than double ones. For the pursuit of her own desires an English girl seemingly likes privacy and has by choice a single room. For the satisfaction of her social life there are always common rooms, inviting to conversation and to intercourse. In an American school the pleasant reception-room is usually exclusively for entertaining guests. An English school has common rooms which give every evidence of being in daily use, even by the youngest of the girls, for social intercourse. These facts lead to my fourth observation that an English girl, even if usually more reserved than an American girl, is by training more fitted to be a companion for herself and in companionship reveals unexpected sources of interest and knowledge.

Another impression which I have brought with me is that among the teachers, too, there is a real devotion to hobbies. In one school many times during the morning I felt that I wanted to follow the suggestions of the teacher of nature science. The passer-by was told in charming script to go by the wooded walk past St. George's Spring, and there he would find—I forget now what he would have found—but there was with the suggestion a quatrain of Masefield's which was just the stimulus which I needed to want to follow the path. The

same script on another bulletin-board lured me to go through the vegetable garden, past the rhubarb bed and the new peas just springing up, and just at the corner I would see—and there was another verse from Walter de la Mare. I did not have time to follow any of these suggestions, for I was busy getting a general survey, but one of my pleas-

"The Grandmother of the Russian Revolution"

Madame Breshkovsky

has sent a greeting to The Outlook and its readers and a message that she is still carrying on her fight against the new tyranny of Communism as she carried for so long her fight against the old tyranny of the Czar.

The message appears in next week's issue of The Outlook.

antly disturbing memories now is that all through an interesting morning I wanted to turn aside from the path of duty and seek the growing things to which that lover of outdoors was directing me. I never did discover who he or she was, but I know it was a person who had a hobby and who would fain have me share his pleasure. That was a distracting school, for the history teacher also had a hobby, and again in every room and in every hallway he was attracting attention by a cartoon, a poem, a sketch, or an interesting statement concerning some event or character who suggested some modern parallel—Mussolini and Caesar, Lloyd George and Machiavelli, Sir Arthur Balfour and Lord Chesterfield—all thought-provoking and stimulating to further investigation. The crafts-shop artist also made himself known, and I learned that he had been chosen for his skill in workmanship and that, although he had had no pedagogical training, he was an inspiring teacher, and must have been, I imagine, such a skilled workman as Sir Neville Wilkinson chose to help him fashion the perfect miniature tables and chairs and seats in Titania's Palace. In the studio there were all sorts of designs being worked out in wood or metal. There was, at the time, no teacher present, but there were over a dozen girls working with keen interest and, it seemed to me, with skill. Somewhere

behind the scenes was some one who had tempted these girls into the delights of self-expression and into bypaths of knowledge. Two other teachers in that school also had hobbies in which I involuntarily became interested and more intelligent—one in pictures of Erasmus and one in period illustrations of Jeanne d'Arc. There were teachers, too, who were exhilarating in that they passed on the joy in their teaching to others, and often I came away from a school refreshed by teachers, sometimes seen, sometimes unseen, who were among those "rare and happy persons who both know and love their business."

Is it surprising, then, that with teachers with hobbies and students with hobbies, with browsing times and browsing rooms, there should, through constant self-expression, develop an inventiveness and a love of adventure; a love of companionship where there are growing interests which can have issue in stimulating conversation; a courage which can face hours spent with one's self?

And the questions which may fitly present themselves to us all as we consider our school curricula are: Do we in America tend to make our school regimen for the students account too rigidly for each hour of every day? Do we plan too many working hours for our teachers? Do we over-emphasize the making of teams, membership in societies, the importance of athletics? In our yielding to the demands of college entrance requirements and the almost inevitable standardization, are we losing the fineness and perhaps the best of earlier foundations? If we let the junior college idea change the character of our secondary schools, are we being led into greater or less pride of workmanship and scholarship? Do we unwisely hasten our girls into society? Do we give a worthy proportion of time to the things which beyond the athletic age will give zest to our leisure hours? Does our school training make us good companions for ourselves? Does it make us appreciate the good cheer of hobbies, the zest of talk where "one conducts another into new worlds of thought," the joy of a companion who by her conversation becomes "a piece of good advice"?

STEVENSON speaks of conversation as "the congress always sitting where public wrongs are first declared, the course of public opinion shaped, day by day, a little nearer to the right." Should we not consider leaving time and making opportunity in our busy school days for this "woodman of thought"?

The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

The Rise of American Civilization

IN these two volumes¹ containing more than sixteen hundred pages, the authors unroll the vast, swift-passing pageant of the masterful movement of mankind that produced the United States of to-day. To do this even in so much space means that their pens have moved fast, yet the result is a powerful picture. If great facts and great men have to be depicted briefly, it is because there are so many of them that they must be woven in mainly as bright threads on a broad fabric.

Starting with the stir in Elizabethan England that sent adventurers to the seven seas, to lodge with large results only on the continent of North America, the epic takes its being. There is no need to repeat the story. The authors tell it well and without delay, depicting the policies that produced progress, detailing development, material and political, throughout the Colonial period and passing on to the Revolution and its results. To their minds the rising of 1776 was more than a mere revolt against the mother country. It was "in truth, an economic, social, and intellectual transformation of prime significance—the first of those modern world-shaking reconstructions, in which mankind has sought to cut and fashion the tough and stubborn web of fact to fit the pattern of its dreams."

Constitution worshipers have always dwelt with a sigh upon the eight years of the Republic's life under the Articles of Association. The authors do not find that it was so bad. That it was a period of dissolution and reconstruction was inevitable. Such conditions usually follow convulsions, but to quote: "There is much evidence to show that the country was in many respects steadily recovering order and prosperity." Though not all followed the same methods, the Thirteen States worked toward the light that concentrated finally in the Constitution: "The very fact that the convention itself could be assembled was in itself evidence of a changing spirit in the country." Concerning the interregnum, called "critical," the evidence shows that though the people did not want to be

tightly bound they knew how to take care of themselves, and "the difficulty with which the Constitution was 'wrung' from a reluctant people and the existence of a large body of voters aggressively opposed to the change will put the prudent inquirer on his guard against the easy assumption that the entire country was seized with a poignant sense of impending calamity."

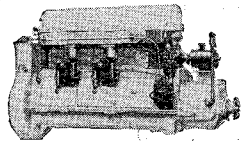
Following the adoption of the Constitution, and the establishment of a central form of government that took, and continues to take, so much power away from the States, began the continuous conflict between the doctrines of Jefferson and Hamilton that still wages. Under Jefferson's theories agriculture is ascendant; under Hamilton's, banking, commerce, and industry. We now see the latter powerfully in control of National affairs. The authors tell the story of the conflict clearly and impartially. They deal with facts, not conclusions. The pre-Constitution Confederation was impracticable because of the difficulty in adjusting inter-State commerce relations, and business declined to be baffled.

That times have changed is visible in the ability of the authors to describe the war between the States as "The Second Revolution." Yet the Confederate Constitution almost repeated that of the Union. It forbade, however, appropriations for internal improvements, bounties to promote enterprise, and protective tariffs. States were "sovereign and independent." These were the fundamentals; all resting on the cornerstone of sustaining slavery. The chief outcome of the contest, aside from abolition, as the authors note, was the coming of American women with public capacities.

Nothing is overlooked in this competent chronicle. Most of its ground has been covered by others in various works. But here it all is, succinct, crisp, and interestingly told. Besides much is covered where others have not yet gone. The chapters concerning the Woodrow Wilson era give us a needed summary of an amazing series of events. To the others cited, there were long preludes. These came swiftly, like a thunder-clap in a clear sky. And the tale is rightly told, commencing with that day following the sinking of the Lusitania, when the President proclaimed that his Gov-

¹The Rise of American Civilization. By Charles A. Beard and Mary A. Beard. Two Volumes. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$12.50.

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The Editors of The Outlook
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ernment would not "omit any word or act necessary to the performance of its sacred duty of maintaining the rights of the United States and its citizens, and of safeguarding their free exercise and enjoyment."

Thence the story runs plainly. To make the world "safe for democracy" the United States became despotic, drafted its citizens, repressed their freedom of speech, commandeered their resources, surrendered to labor unions and money powers—and failed in its self-started mission besides. Vividly is all this narrated, plus a fair account of the

Biography

EVERYBODY'S BISHOP. The Life and Times of the Right Reverend Samuel Fallows, D.D. By his Daughter, Alice Katherine Fallows. J. H. Sears & Co., New York. \$5.

Bishop of the small Reformed Episcopal Church, Samuel Fallows played a large part in life during his eighty-seven years on earth. Born in England, coming to America as a lad, he began to grow with Chicago when it had but nine thousand population; served as a brigadier-general in the Civil War, was Superintendent of Instruction in Wisconsin, President of Illinois Wesleyan College, and besides his work as a churchman served the public in so many ways as to justify Theodore Roosevelt's remark, "I should be contented if I could talk patriotism as Bishop Fallows lives it."

Bishop Fallows was many years a Methodist before he stepped into the new movement, which, if it never grew large within itself, was the haven for much liberality, taking the rise out of denominational tyranny that sought to make sectarianism separate men from one another. In his warm relations with all men Bishop Fallows shone above others and drew about himself a great circle of friends, high and low. Miss Fallows has told an inspiring story.

AN AMERICAN SAGA. By Carl Christian Jensen. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$2.50. (An Atlantic Monthly Press publication.)

Books by immigrants compose an interesting and, it would seem, unique chapter in the literature of America. Carl Jensen is a notable newcomer to a roster that includes Antin, Pupin, and Rihbany, not so much for the varied interest of his experiences—he ran away to sea from his Danish home at sixteen and reached the United States two years later—as for the exhilarating vitality and sharp tang of the style he uses in their expression. He "hoarded words like a coin collector," and a connoisseur at that, when he began to learn English. It is as unconsciously Saxon as Miss Millay's "King's Henchman" is consciously so in such phrases as "her forehead was queenly and her hemplike hair was twisted into a heavy hawser," or "a mastiff with slaving flews leaped at him." It fits equally well the story of his romance and his happy marriage with the Margaret who proved an understanding companion for his mystical and roving nature.

Fiction

HIGH WINDS. By Arthur Train. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$2.

A novel by Arthur Train is sure to be founded on the twin rocks of good writing and sound construction. A cross-section of smart Long Island society is presented in "High Winds." Of the two Weybridge sisters, Enid has married Charlie Kent,

aftermath, with democracy smothered under normalcy, free speech in limbo, and "good old times" triumphant.

One wonders after laying down the last volume whether "The Rise of American Civilization" is just the right text. Might it not rather be the expression of exploitation rather than civilization, so small a part do art, music, education, and the better things play in the history. Have we risen? Has not the place for the human soul been made smaller by the skyscraper? The Pyramids were "progress," but Egypt died.
D. C. S.

more proficient in the polo field than in business, while the more beautiful and talented Ursula has held to her single blessedness.

In spite of Enid's contemptible nature and ill treatment of her husband and children, she is more human than Ursula, who is prone to turn to the "Oxford Book of Verse" and read passages aloud therefrom to her lover in moments of passion. Her affair with Peter McKay, a young engineer out of the West, runs on modern lines, with Ursula unwilling, for psychological reasons, to permit the clergy to sanctify a union already made strong in love. The reader follows Enid through the *opéra bouffe* of a Paris divorce to the bitter realization that she has lost the world and her own soul too. During one of Ursula's renunciatory periods Enid's young daughter, Gay, flames dangerously in and out of Peter McKay's life.

This is an interesting story, concerning an angle of society that is constantly growing wider; the characters are well described, particularly the calculating Enid. High winds are like most winds in this respect; they generally blow good to somebody.

THE WOMAN WHO STOLE EVERYTHING. By Arnold Bennett. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$2.50.

A baker's dozen of short stories, some light with a bite in them, others merely light. "Middle-Aged," the story of two women friends who meet after a lapse of twenty-five years, during which they have kept up their friendship by letter but have not seen each other, has a different and more appealing quality than the rest. It, too, is light, even absurd, but the smile it evokes is less likely to be cynical than warm, and may even become a comfortable chuckle.

LEAD ME INTO TEMPTATION. By Frank Heller. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. \$2.

A lively, satirical whimsy. Mobius, a theological professor, reasons that there is no merit in virtue unless one is tempted. So he exposes himself to crime, so to speak, and has weird adventures with professional crooks. He emerges very slightly soiled and, what is more, with a brand-new and desirable wife.

ONE CRYSTAL AND A MOTHER. By Ellen Du Bois Taylor. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$2.

The variegated set of characters in this novel are like loose pieces of glass jangling against one another in a kaleidoscope. The author's remarks as she turns the instrument are keen and amusing, but the reflected surfaces of her puppets make neither form nor meaning.

The advent of a new young lady reporter in a newspaper office, and her uncovering, single-handed, of the murderous activities

of Crystal Clemente's mother, is a fine start. From this point a bad case of post-impressionism sets in. A smoldering editor, a cub reporter, an unfathomable pair of women, Crystal Clemente, who "goes in terribly for rosebuds and antimacassars between lovers," and Courtney Towerhight of Virginia, "who had kept her name through three marriages," a weird German baron and various others, flash in and out of "Miss Mademoiselle Reporter's" life, in comic and tragic glimpses so fleeting and incoherent as to remind one of a puzzle in which two and two never make anything, and if they did it wouldn't matter.

LAUNCELOT AND THE LADIES. By Will Bradley. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$2.

A New England romance of to-day is queerly but cleverly mingled with one more recital of Launcelot's deeds in the lists of knightly combat and ladies' favor. Here Arthur is made both elderly and stupid, Guinevere is less subtle than Professor Erskine shows her, and in Elaine there is more of Tennyson's and less of Erskine's portrayal. The recital is delicately and poetically done—indeed, many of the supposedly prose sentences scan perfectly. It is sensuous rather than sensual, and at times the sentiment is a bit cloying.

JONAH & Co. By Dornford Yates. Minton, Balch & Co., New York. \$2.

This one must be listed in that *genre* of British folk-tale in which the characters call each other "dear old fruit" whenever possible, and Lady Di makes the most brilliant cracks at the dear Bishop.

Mr. Yates's novel is somewhat different from the current run in that the characters exhibit only the most exemplary behavior throughout, so much so that for about two hundred pages practically nothing happens whatever. It is all concerned with a vacation spent by four young married people in the south of France in a couple of coupés. In among the witticisms the reader will find the best road to take from Pau to Biarritz, "An hour with Poitiers is like a sip of old wine," and similar remarks. "Full of sparkling dialogue, humorous situations, and a contagious zest for life," the jacket says it is, but there is no exact word in English to convey the effect upon a sensitive reader.

Philosophy

THE PUBLIC MIND: ITS DISORDERS; ITS EXPLOITATION. By Norman Angell. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$3.

Two decades ago, the author thought his "Great Illusion" had abolished war, only to be soon confounded by the greatest conflict between nations the world ever saw. The present volume is an effort to delve into the mind of man and see what ails it. Confessedly, he fails to find out. The mind of man is too complex for individual analysis, and disappears altogether when figured in the mass. It becomes submerged and helpless, just as clear waters vanish in turbid floods. Mr. Angell holds that the errors of public opinion are more damaging than they used to be, both because they affect government more decisively, and because society has become more vulnerable. This thought wars with the presumably effective check produced by wider intelligence, and would indicate a belief that education and sense do not have to keep each other company. All too often they do not. At any rate, for once the "ignorant mass" earn an alibi.

Mr. Angell holds that "the voice of the people is usually the voice of Satan." Those who have heard the howlings of a mob will be inclined to agree with him. Nor does he find in wealth and capital a controlling force. Frankly, he confesses that he can find none. "We have succeeded

fairly well in the management of matter," he concludes. "We make steam and electricity, and sometimes the ether, do largely what we want" he concludes, "but we have not succeeded in making our minds, tempers, natures, do what we want. There we are all the puppets of forces we often do not see, or face or understand. We must both face and understand them more completely. From the conquest of inanimate nature we must go forward to the conquest of human nature. Otherwise, human nature will destroy human society."

Politics and Government

AMERICAN PARTIES AND ELECTIONS. By Edward McChesney Sait, Ph.D. The Century Company. \$3.75.

So much that is new has come into American politics that this comprehensive handbook will be welcomed by those who try to keep up with what is going on in public affairs. In particular, the operation of super-parties, such as the Anti-Saloon League, the American Farm Bureau Federation, the Non-Partisan League, and the American Federation of Labor, have acquired a place and power that make them important. Dr. McChesney tries to elucidate their efforts, and supplies a deal of information to the person whom he justly terms "the overburdened voter" who in his efforts to exercise the franchise fairly has so complicated our elective system as to make it well-nigh unworkable. The volume is thoroughgoing in its information and clear in statement. We learn from its contents how much we have congested our liberties.

WHERE FREEDOM FALTERS. By the Author of "The Pomp of Power." Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$4.

The country "where freedom falters" is America. The author is a former member of the Westminster Parliament and a native of Canada. His knowledge of us is obviously respectable, yet he finds us and our works almost wholly detestable. Apparently, only two Americans—Washington (despite his dullness) and Roosevelt—have engaged his admiration, and they're both dead; of our institutions, none. Candor must admit the justice of most of his allegations; but perhaps the author's criticism would be even more effective had he allowed us a virtue or two. For, in the last analysis, we're human. Evidently the author waxes old, for, happily, he is ever wandering from his grand theme; and in his far-flung garrulity he is entertaining.

History

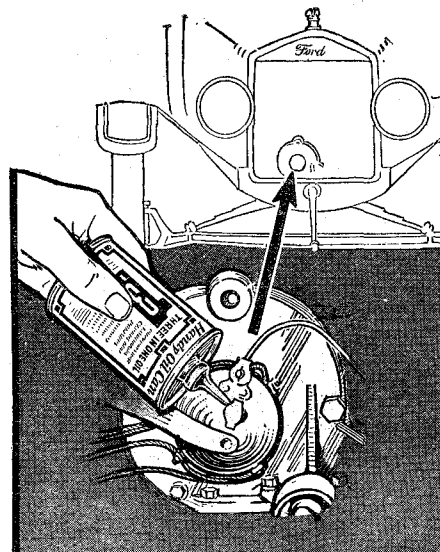
A SHORT HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE. By Robert Granville Caldwell, Professor of American History, the Rice Institute. Vol. II, 1860-1921. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

This is a work of very respectable merit; the choice of it as a text-book for school or college would not be amiss. The author is well informed and has well digested his vast material; he is impartial and judicial; he has no mean architectonic skill, and each important aspect of his subject—political, economic, social, military, diplomatic, etc.—gets its proper share of attention. On the other hand, there is no sign of inspiration. The total effect is refrigerative. A touch of grace, a hint of the comic spirit, an occasional doffing of the wig, would have helped. But, as it is, the work, we repeat, is respectable, even admirable.

Science

SCIENCE, THE FALSE MESSIAH. By C. E. Ayres. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$3.

Professor Ayres takes the ground that nothing has ever happened, or ever will happen, mainly because life is too short to get it done. Science and invention are incidents



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of existence, not marks of motion. Indeed, he holds that man has not suffered any improvement through the ages. Who, for example, has improved upon Plato's theory of the Republic? Enlightenment does away with authority, lack of authority disposes of belief, and without belief what is there to look forward to? So man evolutionizes only to react. The truth of science is no more effective than folk-lore. Both depend upon belief. The author will not concede either permanency or progress. Even the family fades before his eyes when compressed into a five-room bungalow or a city flat. On the inside jacket Professor John Dewey describes the volume as "provoking." Not very.

CREATION: A History of Non-Evolutionary Theories. By Edwin Tenney Brewster. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$3.50.

The author has assembled the known theories of the development of life as they have been evolved through the ages. His work is interesting even though it contributes nothing to solve the riddle so far as facts are concerned. He finds no real progress beyond Augustine and Aristotle, one theory remaining as good as another. Science has sifted errors, and that is all.

Sociology

REFORGING AMERICA. By Lothrop Stoddard. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$3.

Mr. Stoddard surveys the making of America by the inflow of people from the Old World and from the standpoint of a believer in restriction and selection of newcomers, though he expects the bars to be lowered as assimilation takes place and America has "once more become a true nation inhabited by a united, like-minded people." When this occurs, it will "achieve the high destiny of which it is capable." He does not tell us who is to do the digging, but avers that we are not "progressing socially and culturally as fast as truly advanced peoples like those of Australia, New Zealand, and the Scandinavian nations." Mr. Stoddard fails to state that the selective process which first settled Australia was that of the criminal courts of England. New England he finds submerged with low-grade aliens, and likely to remain so. It certainly will, until the Yankees become willing to work as hard as the invaders.

War Books

THE BRIDGE TO FRANCE. By Edward N. Hurley. Wartime Chairman of the United States Shipping Board. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. \$5.

Mr. Hurley introduces some new political history. He takes the pushing of Woodrow Wilson into the Presidency away from Colonel George Harvey and Colonel E. M. House, and credits the initiative to John Maynard Harlan, son of former Supreme Court Justice Harlan. He also does justice to the late Senator James Smith's share in nominating Mr. Wilson for Governor of New Jersey, which was the stepping-stone to the greater place. It appears that Harlan assured Smith that Wilson would be favorable to "the organization." But for this he would not have been named. The assurance did not prove to be an insurance. It would appear from Hurley's narrative that Smith was "framed," to use a strong parlance. He describes Harlan as "a master of political strategy." The description seems to fit this episode.

The tale follows of the great task performed by the Shipping Board in the war. President Wilson himself sounded the key-note when he remarked: "Hurley, we must go the limit"—meaning in creating methods of oversea transportation for men and supplies. Then there began the building of gigantic fleets, most of them, unfortunately, designed as food for submarines,

which they did not become, and as a result so many still rust useless at anchor or have been chopped up for junk. They did not, as was fondly hoped, after the war, cover the seven seas with their wakes. In the rush, Mr. Hurley admits that tens of millions of dollars were wasted, mainly through a policy that did not make the builders bear their share of the wage increases that were frequently forced upon them by greedy workmen. His tale of labor troubles is a reproach to patriotism.

The book concludes with some more side-lights of history. One of the most interesting is one which reveals that the President's advisers were all in favor of accepting the Senate's reservations as to the League of Nations Covenant, but none had the courage to convey their views to Mr. Wilson.

Art

ART EPOCHS AND THEIR LEADERS. A Survey of the Genesis of Modern Art. By Oscar Hagen. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$3.

So complex are the intentions of the writer of this book, as stated in his preface, that it is with some amazement that one perceives that he is actually fulfilling them all as his six chapters unfold. It is to be a history of art, and not of artists; it will point, as concisely as possible, the genesis of the painting of our day; it intends to demonstrate the unity beneath the manifold historical mutations of artistic endeavor. The illustrations are of art works which embody the historical development discussed in the text. What Professor Hagen promises he performs. The book has symmetry without tightness. Dürer is considered in relation to the Gothic age; Michelangelo, as the embodiment of the Renaissance; Rembrandt, in an enthusiastic chapter, as a type of the baroque (in its "progressive, free, and great" connotation) with a forward glance towards Cézanne; and the last chapter on the modernists gathers up the threads and makes the web complete.

The illustrations, in the main excellent, do not always escape smokiness and smudginess. Naturally, there can be no reproductions in color in a book so moderately priced.

Travel and Description

BERBERS AND BLACKS. By David Prescott Barrows. The Century Company, New York. \$3.

Africa again, this time approached from the west coast. General Barrows crossed the Sudan to Timbuktu, for some reason not very clearly explained, and came back by another route to Abijan, on the Ivory Coast. Even on the map it is a long trip. General Barrows went alone, and he is very proud of the fact that it was successfully concluded without accident. That must have been nice for him, but, as the trip seems to have been concluded without incident too, it makes heavy reading. There is considerable talk about the Sahara, both the Erg and the Reg, and railroads, and peanut planting, salt mines, and French colonial administration; but of the atmosphere of the country General Barrows has captured only the dryness.

Sport

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A FISHERMAN. By Frank Parker Day. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y. \$2.50.

Mr. Day is a Nova Scotian and both a fisherman and a philosopher. He fishes without sin on his soul and should be sanctified by the Brotherhood of Anglers. Incidentally, he has all his days cast lines in waters where trout and salmon abide. One envies him his angling and his luck.

By the Way

FROM our Washington correspondent, who has been temporarily in the South, comes the following account of a conversation between two preacher-professors several years ago—Dr. Rufus W. Weaver, President of Mercer University at Macon, Georgia, and Dr. Edwin C. Dargan, a professor in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville, Kentucky:

Weaver was spinning yarns of a country community in the Kentucky bluegrass, where he had his first pastorate. Back in the lean Nineties, the neighborhood went broke. Many of the farms were sold and practically all of them were heavily mortgaged. The church didn't feel that it could afford to employ a pastor, and so the edifice was closed.

But somebody in the neighborhood, three years before when times were better, had entered a filly in the Kentucky Futurity, the harness classic, and had somehow managed to get enough money to pay the fees from year to year.

When the race came to be run, everybody in the neighborhood, out of local pride, managed to find a dollar or so to bet on the filly. She carried long odds. And she won. The neighborhood was suddenly prosperous.

The church held a meeting and called Weaver as pastor. There he met the girl who was to be his wife and "lived happily ever after."

Turning to Dargan, he asked, "Doctor Dargan, don't you think that was a providential horse race?"

Dargan took time to finish the bite of pie that was on the way to his mouth.

"Well," he said, "it looks as though it may have been providential. But if so, Weaver, the Lord played a mean trick on your wife."

"A detour," according to the "Christian Science Monitor," "is the roughest distance between two points."

Young son (to shoe clerk waiting upon his fastidious mother): "No use showing her the first ten pairs—she won't take 'em."

An Eastern college player was teaching some cowboys in the West how to play football. He explained the rules and finished his speech as follows:

"Remember, fellows, if you can't kick the ball, kick a man on the other side. Now let's get busy. Where's the ball?"

"Never mind the ball," yelled one of the cowboys. "Let's start the game!"

"Is there a law against newsboys pronouncing the word 'paper'?" asks a writer in "The Fourth Estate." "I can truthfully say that in thirty years I have never heard a paper-boy pronounce the word. In Washington, D. C., for instance, there used to be a boy who would yell, 'pay-oh!' In Marion, O., they call 'inky-wire' (Enquirer). In Milwaukee, where pot-bellies originated, they say 'pop-peer' and 'poppy.' In Chicago, the boy screeches 'paregoric!' Now, how is the poor, innocent public to know what they are selling? Couldn't a law be passed to restrain a newsboy from saying he's got paregoric, glue pots, or horseshoes when he hasn't got a thing in the world but newspapers?"

From the Indianapolis "News:"

A seventh-grade history class, which had just finished studying Colonial life, was on examination. One of the questions was, "Discuss city life in Colonial times." One boy wrote: "There were not many cities, and what there were, were out in the country."

Burton Rascoe tells of the one person in the audience at the first performance of George Antheil's "Ballet Mecanique" who showed any imagination. That was the unknown hero down near the front who raised aloft a walking-stick to which was tied a white handkerchief, the international signal of surrender and appeal to the enemy to cease firing. This modest man, whose name has not been divulged, broke the decorum of the vast audience, a decorum that threatened to ruin the show.

The din of the ballet was growing monotonous and soporific and the audience was taking it with the seriousness with which audiences in Carnegie Hall take any musical composition, however funny or absurd. From the twelve concert pianos, the xylophones, the drums, the wind machine, electric bells, the sheet of tin, the automobile siren, and the airplane propeller was coming the sort of noises that New Yorkers hear every day coming in through their office windows, and the audience was giving it the studious attention it gives to Brahms and Beethoven.

The man with the white flag of truce saved the occasion. Laughter broke out and spread over the hall, releasing the bonds of restraint that were keeping the crowd more or less solemn.

From "Life:"

Customer: "Have you any whisky?"

Drug Clerk: "No, but we have something just as bad."

Tony Sarg has invented a barber shop for children who fear the shears and clippers. He calls it a circus barber shop and has installed several in various large cities. The shop is built like a circus tent. Instead of chairs, there are life-sized lions, tigers, bears, etc., for the kids to sit upon. Directly in front of them is a marionette show which runs for six minutes. In the waiting-room are peep-shows depicting fairy tales. He should next turn his attention to dentists' offices.

"Yes," said the visitor from Boston as reported in the New York Evening "Post," "I just came down for a few days to read a book."

From the "Dry Goods Economist:"

Teacher: "What excuse have you for being so late?"

Johnny (breathlessly): "I ran so fast, teacher, that I—I didn't have time to think up one."

Two little girls who were dancing on the sidewalk were questioned by a passer-by interested in their talent.

"What's your name, my little girl?"

"My name's Elizabeth Jones."

"And what's your name?"

"Jane Smith," replied the other.

"Well, well. And what are two such pretty little girls going to be when they grow up?"

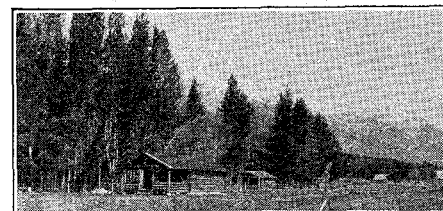
"We're going into musical comedy and be twins," was the prompt rejoinder.

Five words of five letters each are needed to complete this very easy anagram. The answer will be printed in this column next week.

Did I but own two — of black and grey
My — and I would take a holiday.
Or if I had a big — car
We'd buy some — at the Boston Bar.
Then on we'd go to see John Biggs
Who tills the ground and — young
pigs.

Answer to last week's anagram: "Rates," "tears," "stares," "tears," "tares," and "aster."

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Financial Department

Conducted by WILLIAM LEAVITT STODDARD

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per inquiry will be made for this special service. The Financial Editor regrets that he cannot undertake the discussion of more than five issues of stocks or bonds in reply to any one inquirer. All letters should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 120 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y.

Transferring Stock

WHEN Elliott B. Jones sells a block of one hundred shares of stock, a number of things take place of which he, an average stockholder, has not the least notion. The stock is transferred to the buyer, who may be a broker or another individual. This means that legal ownership passes, and stock, like land, does not pass without

the fact being duly recorded in the place devised for that purpose. There are exceptions to this rule, but this is the general rule.

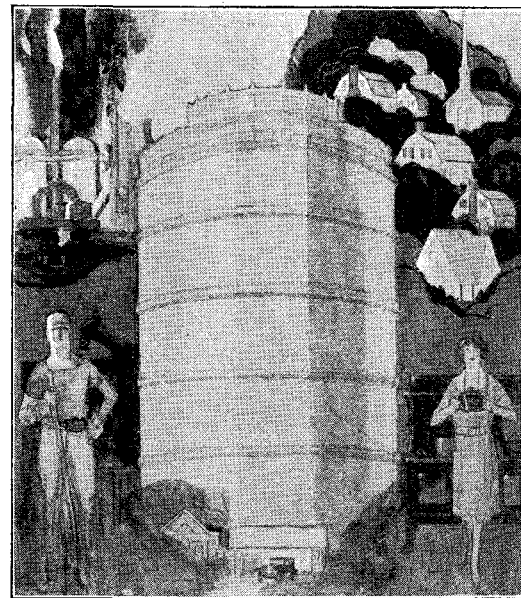
These remarks, prefatory to a discussion which we trust will interest our readers generally, was inspired by an inquiry from a valued reader. "Recently, says this reader, 'I pur-

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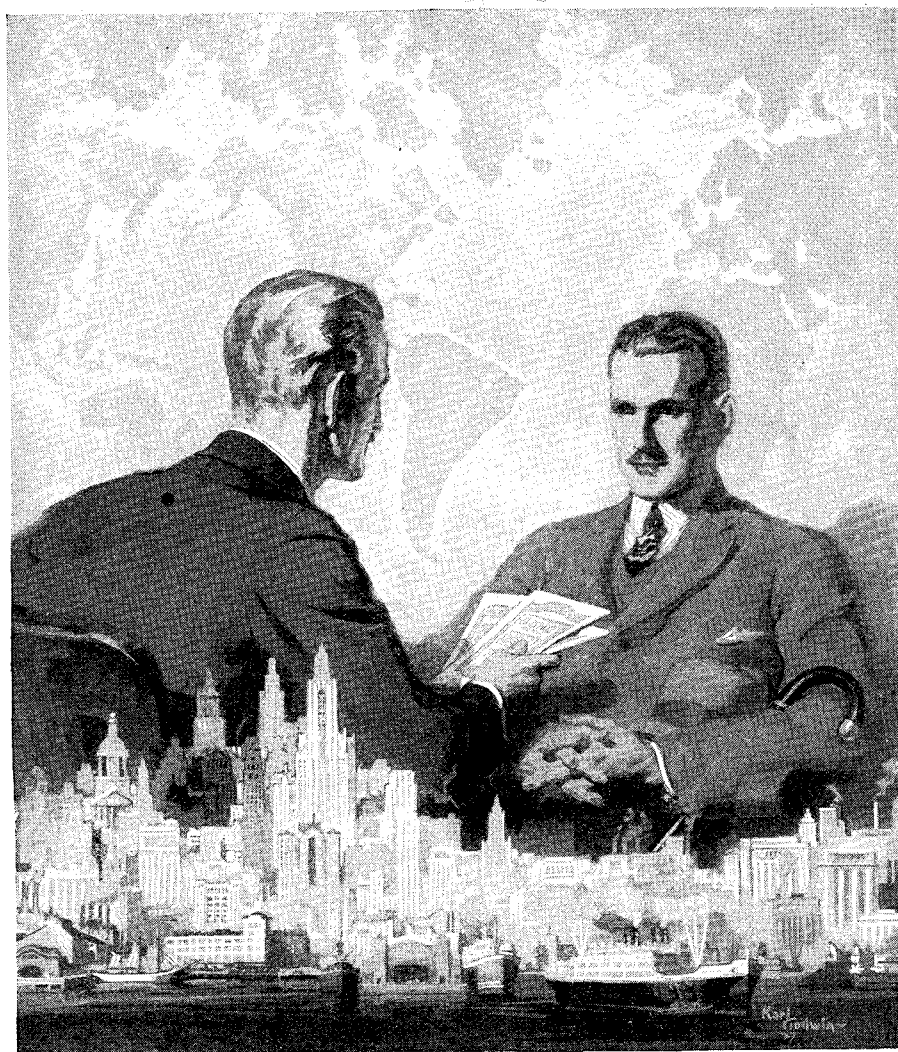
chased \$500 worth of stock. I received a letter from the dealers asking me to advise them as to 'registration and delivery.' After asking round, the best knowledge I could get was that registration was protection against loss. . . . Now I would like to know what difference it makes whether the stock was in my name as long as I had the certificate? . . . Thinking, perhaps, that others are as ignorant as myself in the matter I was bold to ask you to discuss the matter at some future time." This postscript is also of interest, "The certificate was originally made out to another person. He had properly surrendered his claim to it."

In practically every State of the Union there is to-day a law affecting the transfer of stock certificates. Before the passage of these laws, fraud was possible and was often committed. For example, the president of a well-known railroad system was transfer agent for the stock of his company and, as such, had in his possession stock certificates which needed only his signature to make them valuable. This particular gentleman, when a certificate came in for transfer, would issue a new certificate to the new owner and would sell the old one in the market. Of course he should have cancelled the old one. Also, he issued shares of stock without any corporate authority to do so. In the course of time there were some 350 stockholders of the company who possessed these illegal shares.

In consequence of such cases the law stepped in and provided certain safeguards. In New York State, for instance, the Constitution provides that corporations whose shares are admitted to dealings on the Exchange must maintain a transfer agency and an agency office in New York City. Both these offices must be acceptable to the Stock Exchange and must agree to comply with the requirements of the Stock Exchange.

In common practice the large corporations appoint one bank or trust company to act as transfer agent, and another to act as registrar. Some corporations, notably U. S. Steel and American Telephone & Telegraph, maintain their own departments for these purposes. It is the function of the transfer agent and registrar to see that original issues of stock are in accordance with the law and the by-laws of the issuing corporation and to handle the complex questions that arise when stock is transferred.

To understand the reason for these precautions, it must be remembered that a stock certificate is a paper which certifies that So-and-So is the owner of so many shares of stock in Such-and-Such



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a corporation. The fact of such ownership is entered in books kept for that purpose. Ownership cannot be changed except upon surrender of the stock certificate to the Transfer Agent, properly endorsed, its cancellation, and the issuance of the same number of shares to a new owner.

In practice, what happens when one imaginary Elliott B. Jones buys 100 shares of Blank & Co. common?

After the broker receives the order he executes it through the Stock Exchange, which informs him of the price. When the customer pays the broker and the broker the owner (who is, perhaps, another customer of another broker), a certificate for 100 shares is delivered to the new owner, through his broker. This certificate may be made out in the name of Mr. Jones, or it may be made out in the name of the broker, depending on the wishes of Mr. Jones. Let us examine this a little further.

If the customer has bought the stock with the intention of holding it for investment he, probably, orders it brought out in his own name. This means that on the books of the transfer agent, his name appears as the owner. His name also appears on the books which are kept either by the transfer agent or by the company itself to show to whom dividends are due. Until this certificate comes back to the transfer agent, duly endorsed for sale by Mr. Jones, he is the legal owner so far as the transfer agent is concerned. He may lose the certificate, or it may be destroyed—he is still the owner and can, under proper safeguards, get another one.

Suppose, however, that Mr. Jones is buying and selling stocks through his broker. In this case the certificate comes out in the name of the broker for the account of Mr. Jones, the dividends received by the broker being credited to Mr. Jones's account. The broker is the legal owner on the books of the transfer agent, but so long as the broker is solvent and honest, Mr. Jones has nothing to fear because the broker is legally accountable to him, on demand, for the stock. (Incidentally, the reader will see from this why it is important, in selecting a broker, to select one who is beyond question of high repute).

Stock certificates which are in the name of brokers are called "street certificates" for the reason that they are in the name of brokers whose signatures are recognized on Wall Street, or State Street, or whatever the financial street may be called. When one of these certificates comes to a transfer agent, endorsed, the clerk knows the signature because of long familiarity with it, or

checks it up by consulting his signature card file, and the transfer goes through.

When, however, Elliott B. Jones personally brings in or mails in, a stock certificate in his own name, signed by himself, the transfer agent will not take it unless the signature is guaranteed either by a stock exchange firm or by an officer of a substantial bank or trust company. The reason for this is simple: the transfer agent is there to protect the corporation and the stockholders against fraud. There is no more common fraud than forgery, and as good a protection against fraud as any is to have a written guarantee of a responsible bank or stock exchange house.

It would be possible to fill several pages with a discussion of this subject, but we have probably said enough to give the reader a general idea of the theory and practice of transferring stock. The basic thing to remember is that this is a *process of registering property ownership*, similar in many ways in principle to the registering of ownership in land by means of a deed. A man buys land of B, but his purchase is not complete till a deed in his name has been recorded. In the case of stock, an intermediary, as a broker, may hold ownership for the buyer, but the ordinary method is for a transfer to the individual purchaser to be made on the books of the corporation, *i. e.*, on the books of its transfer agent.

Questions of transfer of stock certificates are complicated by death, when an administrator or executor claims title; by trusts, when the trustees claim title; and by loss of certificate, when certain formalities have to be gone through before the certificate can be replaced. Again, there are certain things which cannot be done, or which should not be done. For example, few transfer agents are willing to issue a stock certificate in the name of "A or B." This would be indeterminate ownership. "A and B" is practicable. Lastly, transfer agents are loth, knowingly, to issue a certificate in the name of a minor. The legal reason for this is, of course, common knowledge.

Our advice to those who are having any difficulty in making stock transfers is to consult a stock exchange house or bank familiar with the procedure and be guided by such advice. The transfer agents themselves at times seem to the uninitiated to be needlessly exacting, but whatever complications there are have been created by the necessity of protecting property rights, and usually, upon careful study, it will be found that they are basically reasonable and sound. W. L. S.

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Burnham Cottage QUOGUE,

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Long Island Summer Homes and Cottages for sale or rent on and near the ocean and bay. Inquire D. A. Allen, Quogue, L. I. Phone 234. Rentals \$400 and up.

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FOR SALE Commodious Summer Cottage, near Burlington, Vt.; 158-foot frontage on Lake Champlain; running water; electricity; two-car garage; restricted neighborhood. For further particulars and terms, apply Bittersweet Real Estate Agency, Burlington, Vt.

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WANTED—Gentleman companion for semi-invalid willing to read aloud and drive automobile. References. Mrs. J. D. Pratt, Chestnut Hill, Pa.

WANTED—Matron for group of children at institution in Western New York. Education and previous experience with children desirable. Early middle age preferred. Good position for right person. Address Superintendent, Box 618, Randolph, N. Y.

WANTED—Matron for "Home for the Homeless" at Utica, N. Y. Executive ability and some experience required. Apply to Mrs. F. H. Brewer, 104 South St., Utica, N. Y.

WANTED—Neat white woman for general housework. Long Island summers. Mrs. Israel L. White, 17 Fernwood Road, Summit, N. J.

SITUATIONS WANTED

AMERICAN woman, middle-age, experienced with children, seeks care of one or two, 3 or over. 7,849, Outlook.

COLLEGE graduate desires permanent position. Can operate any make automobile; typewrite. Experienced tutor. Reference. 7,843, Outlook.

COLLEGE graduate law student with five years' coaching and teaching experience wants position for summer. Not afraid of hard work. 7,846, Outlook.

COMPANION, secretary; supervise home young college woman. Best references. 7,841, Outlook.

GENTLEWOMAN desires position as companion. References exchanged. 7,837, Outlook.

GENTLEWOMAN of culture, with experience in teaching, desires position of house-mother or chaperon in young woman's boarding school for next year. 7,833, Outlook.

GENTLEWOMAN wishes summer position as traveling companion or chaperon. References exchanged. 7,848, Outlook.

MARRIED woman of refinement with 4-year old child would like position as housekeeper in home of professional or business man. Mrs. E. Wheeler, 176 Wisner Ave., Middletown, N. Y.

MATURE woman, five years' university training, Spanish teacher, experienced traveler, desires employment. 7,844, Outlook.

PRACTICAL nurse, English, would like position as nurse-companion to invalid lady or entire care of delicate child or baby. Reference from present employer; at liberty after June 15. Presbyterian. 7,856, Outlook.

REFINED American widow, middle-age, wishes position as housekeeper or companion. Would care for motherless children. References exchanged. 7,858, Outlook.

REFINED American woman desires position as housekeeper for gentleman, or father and son. Capable, good cook. 7,852, Outlook.

REFINED young woman, as companion, secretary, or governess. Traveling or residential. References. 7,850, Outlook.

SUPERINTENDANT of large institution, for fifteen years, desires position as such in institution or home. Efficient in management and purchasing. Mrs. Scott, 232 Bay, Daytona, Fla.

TRUDEAU graduate desires private nursing of tuberculous patients. 7,845, Outlook.

YOUNG college professor, French, Spanish, wants summer position. Musician, experienced traveler, successful tutor, good companion. Fine references. 7,857, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of \$10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

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"Twenty Questions" on General Information

Give yourself 5 points for each question correctly answered. One hundred points is a perfect score. You can find the correct solution on the pages cited.

1. How many archbishops are there in the Church of England? (P. 212.)
2. Who is the Premier of Japan? (P. 213.)
3. What is the Presidential mansion of Mexico City? (P. 206.)
4. Of what country was Chamorro President? (P. 232.)
5. Of what make was the plane in which Chamberlin flew to Germany? (P. 203.)
6. In what year did the Naval Armament Limitation Conference at Washington meet? (P. 214.)
7. By what President was this Conference called? (P. 214.)
8. What causes "sand-boils" in levees? (P. 219.)
9. How many telephones (state within three million) are there in the United States (statistics of 1926)? (P. 225.)
10. Who wrote "Tom Brown's School Days"? (P. 212.)
11. What is the last name of the President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology? (P. 204.)
12. What is the last name of the President of Harvard? (P. 204.)
13. Where was the scene of action of the first big battle of the World War in which the American troops took part? (P. 208.)
14. What is the source of the phrase, "flaming youth"? (P. 212.)
15. Where is Balliol College? (P. 212.)
16. What is the difference between the Primate of England and the Primate of All England? (P. 212.)
17. Who established the American Foundation? (P. 210.)
18. What province of Canada is across the Niagara River from New York State? (P. 211.)
19. Who is the patron saint of newspaper men? (P. 227.)
20. What port did Japan cede back to China at the Washington Conference? (P. 208.)

Contributors' Gallery

BARON GIICHI TANAKA was elected Premier of Japan in the election last May. He has been a lieutenant-general in the Japanese army and the Minister of War in three successive Cabinets.

JOHN R. FREEMAN, one of the most eminent civil and mechanical engineers in the United States, contributes in this issue a second article on Mississippi River problems. Mr. Freeman is much in favor of working out engineering problems in hydraulic laboratories such as those which are now in effective operation in Europe. Several American engineers are leaving shortly to spend some time in the study of these laboratories, and Mr. Freeman will also go abroad to lend his influence to the development of the idea.

WILLIAM T. ELLIS is a lecturer and writer who has been on the staff of numerous Philadelphia papers and also several religious journals. He has traveled extensively, investigating social, religious, and political conditions for various newspapers.

A GLIMPSE into the Japanese mind is interesting just now, with the Disarmament Conference about to open. Adachi Kinnosuke, Japanese journalist, though using the medium of a language not his own, is able to reveal the ideas of his countrymen towards America.

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